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**HINTS**  
**AND**  
**REFLECTIONS**  
**FOR**  
**RAILWAY TRAVELLERS AND OTHERS;**  
**OR,**  
**A JOURNEY TO THE PHALANX.**

---

**BY MINOR HUGO.**

---

**IN THREE VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

**LONDON:**  
**GEORGE EARLE, 67, CASTLE STREET,**  
**BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.**

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**MDCCCXLIII.**



**LONDON:—J. DAVY AND SONS, PRINTERS,  
QUEEN STREET, KING STREET, LONG ACRE.**

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# P R E F A C E.

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A PARODY.

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WHAT'S this?

A book, I suppose.

"But what's it all about? that's what I want to know," says querist No. 1.

"O, only some stuff about education," replies the schoolmaster.

"Only think of the absurdity of a man writing about nurses and nurseries!" says the lady of the house.

"There's some truth in what he says after all," is the observation of the private tutor.

"Hang the fellow! what business is it of his what we do at college, I should like to know?" mutters the under-graduate.

"Foreign tours, indeed! Why, have we not a right to spend our money as we please, and go wherever we like, without being insulted by his impertinent remarks?" asks an absentee.

"I'll jist tell yer how it is," chimes in our old

and respected friend, Mr. Samuel Weller, senior, "if this here 'sociation,' wan, or 'bus, takes to the road, it's all up with us; and it's a wery great aggrawation to one's feelins it is, to think as how arter them 'ere railways has given us the go-by, that we should be obligated to turn a one-side, and let this here feller pass us; I only wish I had him in *my* team, near-side leader, would'nt I pitch into him? I say, would'nt I? that's all."

"I'll tell you what," says the Chartist to the Anti-Corn-law orator, "this won't do, the fellow's taking the very bread out of our mouths; and if he is allowed to go on, we may be off to America, for there will be no room for us here.—Could'nt we get up a Chartist Phalanx, think you?"

"I doubt not," says the seditionist, "for you will recollect what the fellow says about 'doing unto others;' and what's more, I'm afraid the people will like his doctrine better than our's when they come to try it."

"If all England was to adopt the principles of this book," says an honest old Whig, "we might as well give up parties, and party names at once, and turn over a new leaf."

"Stop a minute," says the Conservative, "don't be too hasty, we can soon overturn all the arguments Minor Hugo advances; there is no sophistry about them, and they are too matter-of-fact by half; we have only to prove that black is white,—a

thing we can easily do, being so accustomed to it, —to upset his theory at once; and then you see we can also ask,—‘Is not the Government doing the very thing itself, gradually and imperceptibly, as it were?’ (imperceptibly enough, for we cannot perceive any progress ourselves, unless it be backwards—*aside*); and then you know the people will expect we are *going* to do something very great indeed, (though for the life of me I can’t imagine what we shall do to get out of the horrible mess we are in—*aside*,) and that will be quite as satisfactory as the act itself to *us*, at any rate.”

“You are all a set of blockheads and knaves, the tutor and Whig excepted,” exclaims a thoroughbred old Tory, one of the last of the real old English gentlemen; “there is more common sense in one chapter of these books, than in all your pates put together; and I begin to think that we have been acting like a flock of sheep, who seeing one old fool take a leap over a gap in the fence, must needs all follow him, without looking where we were going to; and now we find ourselves in a pit, with a swamp at the bottom, and no way out, unless somebody will help us to climb up into the field we were such simpletons as to leave.”

“I doubt the writer is an infidel,” says the superficialist.

“No, he’s a materialist,” declares a fatalist.

“He’s a Jesuit,” cries a book-worm.

"The Church is in danger," says one.

"Then why don't *you* prop it up," answers a second.

"O for the days of the stake and the Inquisition!" says the Puseyite, grating his teeth for very rage.

"It's of no use trying to do any thing," groans Despair.

"Very ingenious, but impracticable," says an impossibilist, smiling.

"O papa, what *do* you think? Mr. Hugo says we are to have no schools, and we are to learn just whatever we like, and nothing else; all work is to be play, and every day is to be a holiday. O how glad I shall be!" is the joyful burst of a school-boy.

"I think you have mistaken his meaning, my dear," replies the father, "but, however, I won't spoil your pleasure; my idea is, that he does not intend there shall be no *work*, but that all work shall be rendered much easier than it now is."

"Phalanx, Phalanx, what ship's that?" asks 'the old sailor,' "floating islands? never saw such a thing in any of *my* voyages, and I've been half over the globe, too. Catamaran? why, yes, there are such things;—humph!—he may be right after all, I won't say he is'nt."

"By Jove, this *is* too bad!" drawls one of the—th, with just the least possible soupçon of an

incipient moustache; "*we* must put a stop to this, —really I'm half inclined to believe that I shall be under the unavoidable necessity of calling the feller out, or ordering my groom to do it for me!"

"There'll be an end to underselling, that's clear," says the tradesman.

"And what's worse, we shall all be obliged to start fair," echoes the merchant.

"Othello's occupation's gone!!" says the actor.

"Ye'll no be for saying any thing anent the whiskey, when ye win to Scotland, forbye the sneeshin?" says a Highlander; "we maun hae a wee drap o' yon staff of life, an ye wadna tak awa a pinch of tither, I'm thinkin? Ye're welcome to th' Hielands though, for a' that."

"Hurrah for ould Ireland! an down with all agitators!" shouts Pat; "an its pace and plinty we'll have afther all! Arrah, now, an would'nt it be a fine thing to see Misther Daniel O'Connell, and 'my dear Ray,' and the likes o' them, payin the 'rint,' and we recavin of it,—jist as their honors do now,—would'nt that be turnin the tables, for the glory of ould Ireland? Hurroo!! it's rashins of mate and drink we'll have, an fine ould ancient castles we'll be afther buildin, and it is jintlemen and ladies we'll be entirely every mother's son of us!"

"Holloa, Pat, at your old trade of bull-making again? take care."

"I wish you may succeed, sir," is the address of our respected landlord of the — Hotel; "it would indeed be an improvement in our condition, as well in that of our servants; nobody knows what difficulties we have to undergo in endeavouring to give satisfaction to all parties."

"Yes, papa," adds the landlord's daughter, "that's all very true, but I think Mr. Hugo need not have been quite so free in his remarks upon the bar-maids; I'd have you take care, sir," says the young lady, addressing us, but all the while looking any thing but displeased at what has been said,— "other people can make remarks as well as yourself."

"To doubt such a fact as this, would be scepticism with a vengeance."

"I say, you sir," shouts a member of the — Hunt, "I hope you're not going to say any thing against hunting; because if you do, I'd just advise you to take care how you come in the way of a good horsewhipping!"

"Ah! they'll be jolly times for us when these here what-d'ye-call 'em Phillanxes is set about, won't they?" asks a stone-mason.

"Yes," says the bricklayer; "but the other day he was a talking to me summut about cast-iron; and I said, says I, I thought as how 'twould niver do, for you see 'twould rust like, and then 'twould always be a givin way somewheres; in *my* opinion

there's nothin like good bricks an mortar, that's what I'm a thinkin on."

"Bricks or no bricks," ejaculates the architect, "there'll be something for us to do, and we shall now really have a field for the display of talent, instead of being confined to planning a row of tea-caddies, or parsonages and young manor houses, which after all only look like the models one sees at the exhibition."

And now, ladies and gentlemen, with our best thanks for your opinions, good wishes, and advice, we will address ourselves, with your permission, to the business on hand, namely, the Preface to our Second Volume.

Finding on the conclusion of the First, that the half had not been said of what we intended to say, we thought it but just that you should have the benefit of a Second Volume; and having, by the exercise of considerable ingenuity, discovered that two volumes could be printed in as brief a space of time as one, and that the chances were in favour of the second appearing before its intended predecessor, why, to forbear, seemed to be nothing short of an act of downright uncharitableness. Many of you, therefore, who have favoured us with your ideas in the foregoing colloquy, will probably find something to interest you in the course of perusing the volume you now hold in your hands; others with



whom we have previously journeyed will, we trust, find their objections still further removed; those of you who have addressed us, and who may consider yourselves as slighted by our not having made any direct allusion to you or your occupations, shall, if you are particularly anxious about the matter, be "booked" for a subsequent journey; and you have only to apply at the Station, to say whether you wish to engage the coupée, a first, second, or third class carriage, we can accommodate you to your liking, having made arrangements to suit every class of travellers; and we may add, that we have boxes for the horses, trucks for the cattle and sheep,—in short, every thing a reasonable being can wish for or desire; and in our capacity as "general carriers," nothing comes amiss to us.

At every terminus, our customers will find the Phalanstery open for their reception; of course it is not obligatory upon them to make use of it against their wish. Should they meet with better accommodation, more civility, and more reasonable charges elsewhere, they would certainly be unwise not to avail themselves of these advantages. If in the course of the present journey, any thing not quite satisfactory should be perceived, our request is that it be immediately mentioned; our wish being that all existing evils should be pointed out, so that a remedy may be suggested for each and all as they in succession present themselves to notice;

our customers and fellow-travellers therefore will confer a very great favour upon us by aiding our endeavours, and mentioning any inconvenient or unpleasant occurrence; particularly if they find any pins, needles, or thorns in the cushions of the seats, such things will occasionally escape one's notice, and they are remarkably unpleasant to sit upon we allow: but, however, all possible attention shall be paid to their suggestions and comfort; every inconvenience that can be detected shall be removed before another journey is undertaken; and —— but we hear the whistle of the engine, be pleased to “take your seats, ladies and gentlemen,”—“ring the bell, Thompson.”

Exit the Train.

*Ashby de-la-Zouch,  
April 10th, 1843.*



# PART I.

---

## CHAP. I.

### INFANT EDUCATION.

---

“Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” PROV. xxii. 6.

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PRESUMPTUOUS as it may appear in an old bachelor to venture an opinion upon so delicate a matter as the subject of this chapter, it is nathless an acknowledged truism that “he who looks on, sees more of the game than those who play.” A married lady of my acquaintance once said, in reply to some observation I had made upon the duties of children, “Ah ! we shall see ; they say that bachelors’ wives and old maids’ children are always models in their way ;” to which sensible, though not very elegant or delicate allusion, her husband, a sober, serious, thinking man, remarked that he

thought his wife might have spared herself the trouble of making the quotation, considering, as he very properly did, that it was not altogether an appropriate subject for reflection for the olive branches with which his table happened at the time to be surrounded. Maintaining, however, the position with which we set out, viz. that the lookers-on see more of any game than the players, be it chess or be it courtship, be it medicine or be it matrimony, (both physic to some people,) we shall proceed to analyse the matter of which this chapter professeth specially to treat; and in doing this, we will not "extenuate, nor aught set down in malice;" but endeavour to prove that there are evils in this branch of the "system of society" of our time, which we shall do well seriously to examine, and, upon their existence being made manifest, to eradicate.

Pass we over the "long petticoat" age, though we have a shrewd notion that children know a thing or two even at that stage of their existence, and let us commence with the time when the mamma, the aunts, the nurses, and all are agreed that it is incumbent upon us to teach the child "something." While the parents are gravely debating the subject, the nurse begins, "bless its sweet little face!" "High! diddle, diddle! the cat and the fiddle, the cow jump'd over the moon," &c. &c. In process of time, this most elaborate and incomprehen-

sible theory is duly impressed upon the young one's imagination, and, ten to one, but it very shortly is able to gratify its astonished parents with the following abridged parody of the nurse's lesson : "bess it tweet tittle face ! i-iddle, iddle, cat an fiddle, cow jump over de moon." This is one step gained, and the mother in ecstasies kisses the darling, and says "did it love ? indeed !" and away goes the child to the nursery to learn something more, equally interesting and beneficial. "Jack the Giant Killer," "The Babes in the Wood," "Who killed Cock Robin," and such like pretty little tales form the library next resorted to ; and with these is mixed up a small quantum of religious knowledge, the Lord's Prayer, the Catechism, &c. &c., these being taught as *lessons*, the others as recreations ; and as it is perfectly natural, the recreations are best liked, most attended to, and the results such as might reasonably be anticipated. Sometimes, by way of variety, a ghost story is introduced ; and, as the minds of females are apt to be a little precocious when they once hit upon topics they themselves do not comprehend, their lucubrations in this particular branch of intellectual knowledge are extraordinarily fertile. A ghost story sets the child dreaming, and produces a sort of half sleep. Should the little animal prove restless, another expedient was in vogue in my time, (what may be the fashion now, I will not pretend to assert,) and this was, to take the

frightened child out of its warm nest, shake it well, and ask it when it meant to have done crying? threatening to take it to the "black man," if it was'nt quiet in an instant, and then opening the door of a dark closet, where stood an accomplice behind a black gown, or something of the kind, and, upon the door being opened, the sleeves of the gown were shaken at the child's face, and some ominous noise or groan uttered. Well do I remember the horrible dread such modes of "keeping the children quiet" produced,—the creeping chill, and gasping for breath which ensued, the agonizing dreams which were the consequence of treatment of this description; infant though I was, the whole system is as vividly impressed upon my mind, though nearly forty years have elapsed since it was adopted, as if it occurred but a week ago; and I would hail the appearance of a Phalanstery if it were only for this one recommendation, that it would secure the children from a mode of treatment similar to that first described, that it would lead to the substitution of rational, thoughtful matrons as nurses, in lieu of uneducated, half-civilized persons who, in many instances, deserve most richly, double the punishment they inflict on the helpless little beings we commit to their charge.

Let any one who lives in the vicinity of the Parks in London take the trouble to watch the proceedings of the nurses towards the children for one

day, and if he be a parent, or an uncle only, I think he will agree with me in the opinion that some "radical reform" is loudly called for in the nursery department of the state. I do not lay the entire blame of the system, however, upon the nurses; they act as they themselves have been taught, and they of course, "know no better." Now the primary maxim of the Phalansterians, "Do unto others," &c. &c. is as indubitably the right of the infant as it is of the full grown man or woman, and we who do "know better" ought, in common justice to our offspring, to respect this right, and, in as far as lies in our power, to secure the maintenance of this right to them. It is a common saying, you may teach a child anything you please;—I believe it; then why, allow me to ask, why not teach it sense instead of nonsense? would it not be a vast saving of time and trouble if some sensible men or women (the latter, I should say, are especially fitted for the task) were to sit down and revise our system of nursery discipline and literature? Has such an idea ever yet been tried and proved a failure? Why, when the infant mind is struggling to develope itself, should we supply it with such useless, nay, worse than useless, hurtful material? Why impress ideas which we know to be false, and which we know must, sooner or later, be eradicated, or the child would turn out a fool? What possible sense can there be in the assertion, that, as the child grows up, it will



forget all this nonsense, and “besides, it must be amused.” Now, I will venture to say, almost any other method would amuse it as well; for many and many a time will you hear the same cries, and see the same dissatisfied countenance in spite of every effort to “amuse.” Children are marvellously more apt to reflect than we appear to have any idea of; and long before we have the slightest suspicion of the fact, do they question our infallibility, or the wisdom of their elders. A child who is now just beginning to talk, asked her mother, the other day, to do something it was anxious to have done; for some reason, the lady could not attend to the request, and the cause assigned to the child was, that “mamma had got a bone in her arm,” and could not be troubled just then. The child said nothing, but whenever it was afterwards told or asked to do any thing, the invariable answer was, “O no, baby can’t, baby got bone in arm!” and, sure enough, “baby” had learned her lesson well; she had unconsciously gained an advantage which it will take years to deprive her of, even if it is ever done.—“Oh,” you will say, “children must be well whipped out of such nonsense as this;” the idea of such presumption must be cured at once; “spare the rod and spoil the child,” &c. &c.

Agreeing entirely in the maxim of correction being absolutely essential on proper occasions, I must here question the propriety of its application,

and for this simple reason, How can I, in justice, and in compliance with the precept, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," punish or blame a child for making a false excuse to me, when I had first availed myself of the same excuse in a transaction between me and it? It strikes me that some such method as the following, would prove, in the end, much more efficacious; and instead of creating a feeling of doubt and mistrust between the parties, be a means of cementing more decidedly every feeling of confidence and affection than punishment of any kind.—Suppose the parent were at once to confess his or her error to the child, and acknowledge themselves in the wrong without hesitation or reserve? Would the child take advantage of this? I firmly believe not. Generosity is a child's natural sentiment: unlike grown-up persons, they will rarely attempt to trample upon one who offends them and acknowledges the offence; and I am quite certain about the subsequent effect upon the child's mind; in such a case as that supposed, if punishment be resorted to, you lay a foundation which your life-time will not serve to root out; but in the event of your better judgment prevailing, you have, at any rate, the chance of producing confidence and attachment in the place of distrust and dislike; your conscience will acquit you of any breach of the Divine precept before quoted; you will *not* have humbled, or

rather, I should say, *lowered* yourself, in your child's estimation, but the very reverse,—an exemplification of the precept will fix itself upon its mind, and I dare venture to affirm, that, on the very first occasion which offers, your child will emulate the good example its parent has afforded, and thus, even now, will you find your reward in openness and honest dealing, an infinity of trouble and future evasion, (for every act of prevarication must require the aid of another and another in succession to support it) will be obviated, and, in the end you will have the gratification of *not* finding yourself in the position of him of whom it is said, that “he was overtaken and slain by the enemy, and all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail.”

## CHAP. II.

### SCHOOLS.

“BLESS the boy! if he is’nt grubbing in the garden with one of my best carving knives! What are you doing, Henry?” “Oh, only planting some pinks, Papa.” “Now, where did you get that knife from? tell me, this instant.” “I found it on the kitchen dresser, Pa.” Upon this acknowledgment of truth, perhaps, the young gentleman receives a sound box on the ear, or a cuff or two; and a sage conversation ensues between the parents of Master Henry as to the positive necessity of “doing something” with him—our last dissertation, be it borne in mind, was upon the necessity of *teaching* the young idea “something.” However, he has, by this time, learned a thing or two, and if he is’nt master of his father and his mother, to say nothing of the house, why it is not his fault, neither is it for want of *teaching*. One thing, however, is indisputably evident, viz. that having reached the climax of unmanageableness, as evidenced by the use to which he applies his father’s best carving knives, the time has arrived for the diversion of Master Henry’s intellectual faculties into some other, and if possible, more useful channel. So

mamma calls upon Mrs. So-and-so, and the weather, and the colour of their respective dresses, &c. &c., being duly settled, the subject of education is brought on the tapis, the visitée recommends "Oh, such a nice school," her own two boys are there, and they are doing "so well," nobody can think. Home goes mamma, and finds that papa has returned from a similar errand, and he has met with some friends at the usual place of congregation for "family men," to wit, the Bookseller's Shop in some provincial town: but unlike his wife, he has only tired himself with his walk, and gained little or nothing by the "motion," for the "family men" have each sent their boys (if they have them) to the four winds, that is to say, one to the north, another to the east, west, and so on; and as "there is nothing like leather," every father thinks his own son's school the best; but the lady, in this case, has her own way, and it is quite correct that ladies should *always* have their own way, provided—— provided, what, sir? why, it is quite immaterial; I was merely going to remark—— Well?—You must not think me deficient in politeness if I add, provided that way be the *right* way. "O you wretch! you tyrant!! you—you"—but here, if you please, we will stop, and resume our history.

Mamma and her husband decide that Master Henry shall go to the nice school recommended by Mrs. So-and-so; and the young gentleman is in-

formed of this decision for his welfare, and, of course, asked if he shall not like it (*i. e.* going to school) very much; to which he very naturally replies, "O yes." At the commencement of the next half, therefore, he goes to the nice school. Not having been over and above well pleased with the state of affairs at home for some months past, our friend cares very little about leaving for the first time; and, on his arrival at a strange place, if the weather be fine and warm, and such trifles be propitious, the novelty of his situation rather pleases him than not; particularly as the lady of the Establishment is very kind to the "new" boys. Night comes; he is shewn up stairs to a large room, around which are ranged some ten or a dozen small beds; a huge linen press occupies the space between the windows, and a considerable washing-stand stops up the fire-place; barring these, not an article of furniture appears in the room,—there are no curtains to the beds, and, altogether, Master Henry begins to think that "it doesn't look exactly like home;" he is tired, however, and thinks of undressing. Previous to this operation, it has been his custom at home to repeat those prayers he has been taught to offer up to his Maker, and however slightly he may have thought of their import, he cannot feel comfortable without doing this; he takes courage, therefore, and kneels by his bed-side, and hesitatingly offers up his prayer; but all around,

he hears suppressed laughs and whisperings of "why the fellow's a saint, I suppose his father's a parson," and, "he'll know better before he has been here long." The predictions are soon verified, too soon. He rises and gets into bed, finds something still less like home, for, instead of the nice smooth sheets and soft bed to which he has been accustomed, his resting-place is as hard as a stone,—the sheets to him are like sand-paper, and, unless he mistakes greatly, the sensation they convey is very much that of a wet towel. He now fairly wishes he *was* at home again, and sets to work, and cries himself to sleep. This is the "bitting;" the "breaking in" is to follow. In the morning he leaves his bed; as there are but three washing-basins, and half-a-dozen towels for the dozen boys; and, as he is but a novice in the art of "doing unto himself what he wishes others would do to him," he comes off twelfth best, that is to say, with dirty water to wash in, or none at all, and wet swabs of towels instead of dry ones. If he ventures to complain, one of these swabs is duly laid about his ears; if he resists, or cries, or evinces anything approaching to disapprobation, he is forthwith requested to "go and tell his parents," though not in such polite terms; and, after a few days, he begins to interpret the maxim of doing to others, &c. in a very different manner from what he had been taught at home.

Each succeeding day adds to his store of ex-

perience on this head; and when the holidays arrive, he returns to his home with the full intention of displaying his knowledge to his little brothers and sisters, should he chance to have any; if this be not the case, the servants, dogs, cats, donkeys, &c., come in for a larger share of his practical application of the experimental philosophy of the School System. His father questions him as to the progress of his studies; but his subdued manner in the "governor's" presence, and his very dubious answers, prove at once that he "understands the thing," for he does what his Latin grammar so forcibly points out should be done by all real classical scholars,—he leaves a great deal to be understood which is not expressed. Mamma thinks him "quite a man," or that he will be, in time, which amounts to much the same thing in the long run; and it must be acknowledged that Master Henry *does* enjoy his holidays, and likes home all the better for having been to school. Holidays, however, cannot last for ever, at least we are bound to implicit belief in this creed, and soon the young hero is sent to school again. Now, if you could read his heart after the first bustle of leaving the train or the chaise has subsided, you would almost wonder nature did not sink under the conflict of sensation the boy undergoes; with all the experience of the former "half" before his mental view, there he stands, as if all hope in this world



were at an end ; a mortal sinking of the heart ensues, which, if it were not relieved by what is commonly termed "a flood of tears," would really endanger the child's health. This being over, he probably seeks the companionship of some of his brethren in affliction—for affliction it most assuredly is, and I doubt much whether, in the whole course of his existence, he will ever suffer deeper or more intense grief ; but he joins the group of boys who have arrived before him, and with them he endeavours to alleviate his sorrow by execrating all schools in general, and masters in particular, consigning them, as I once heard a fine-spirited lad of some fourteen years of age do on every occasion which presented itself, to every species of torment, mental or corporeal, both in this world and in the next, and vowing vengeance and spite upon his "most respected" Master, and the Ushers especially.

He this time knows the scholastic interpretation of mutual good-will, and fails not to put it into practice, by doing to others as they *have done* to him, in so far as his strength permits, and eligible opportunities offer. He gets well "knocked about;" this is knowledge of the world, and he thinks, "well, never mind, my turn will come next ; and, by degrees, he obtains a full comprehension of the necessity of being knocked about, and of the intense pleasure of retaliation, or of knocking others

about as they have knocked him. Virgil, Homer, the Greek Testament, Xenophon, Thucydides, Euripides, a strange conglomeration of sacred and profane, relieved on Sundays by the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels; and two or three afternoons in the week devoted to Writing, Mathematics, French, &c., form the food upon which his mind is to be nourished and brought up for the six years he passes at school. Swearing, sometimes drinking and smoking are added as supernumerary accomplishments, and one or two other acquirements needless here to particularize; and at the age of eighteen he leaves school, with no very definite idea of the future, it is true, but much more "manly" than he would have been had he not done as the "Rules of Society" dictate; with all the vices of a man certainly, but, it is to be feared, with more genuine unsophisticated ignorance of human nature, or with only an acquaintance of that nature in its very worst garb, than if he had never left his father's threshold, or his mother's apron-string. But then, you know, his Mamma and Mrs. So-and-So decided that the school was such a *nice* school, and how *could* they possibly be in the wrong? why the very thought is treason; and what could the father do but acquiesce in their decision?

## CHAP. III.

### PRIVATE TUTORS.

It occasionally happens that after the “young gentleman” has spent one or two “halves” at school, a dim mysterious something occurs, which induces the parents to change the system, however nice the school, or eligible the situation. But before proceeding with this chapter, let us premise that there are three species of Private Tutors, and three quite distinct genera. First, there is the species domestic, genus Bachelor; Secondly, the species detached, genus Maritus,—this species usually resides at a distance; Thirdly, the species occasional, genus Chaplain, who “comes and goes, or to whom the “young gentleman” pays a morning visit every day, by way of exercise to himself and his pony. The first kind prepares the young idea *for* school; the second takes him in tow after *he leaves* school; and the third “prepares him for college,” how the deponent hath never yet stated; but at any rate it is done; and meanwhile the Tutor prepares himself for the ministry—and a chaplaincy.

Take we them in their proper order, and the species domestic meets us first. A weary and a difficult task is his, I wot: the young gentleman

ought to occupy all his attention ; but then there is the mother, the father, and the whole household to keep on good terms withal, and there may, perchance, be a sister “some years older than the young gentleman ;” and it is not at all unlikely the young lady may take it into her pretty little head, that she too would like to learn “something of Greek and Latin ;” her mamma approves highly of this development of the “Industrial” faculty, and the papa doesn’t see why girls should’nt learn Greek, or even Hebrew, if they like it.” Our friend the Tutor is, if not handsome, “very interesting,” and he has such a nice mild way of talking ! and then, some how or other, the young lady declares she can learn more in half an hour with him than she can in a week with Miss Hartston, the governess. Doubtless,—one gives lessons from nature, the other from books ; and we all know the difference between these two systems. Things go on swimmingly ; the Young Gentleman does pretty much as he likes, and, of course, is a very good boy ; and what with his sister’s prompting, and his Tutor’s obliging correction of mistakes, he makes as much progress as time will allow, though the point to which that progress tends is, it must be confessed, somewhat obscure to a bystander.

However, the young lady takes to Botany, and every tutor of this species is intuitively a Botanist ; —whoever saw one that was not ? You might as

well look, as Sam Weller says, for a dead donkey or a defunct post-boy. Who ever saw such things? Botany is a most pastoral study; the microscopic part brings hands and faces into contact, or rather close-quarters. Botany leads to poetry; poetry to albums; albums to little notes, and little notes to the upsetting of every thing; for these trifles, small as they are, possess somewhat the nature of detonating powder; they not only "go off" themselves, but they make every thing else "go off" that comes near them; and the upshot of these little notes in this case is, that the Tutor "goes off" nobody knows where to, simply because he followed the dictates of nature, with the most honorable intentions; the Young Lady "goes off" to her room half-drowned in tears, because she has lost her heart and her lover, at one and the same time; the mother "goes off" into all kinds of hystericism; the father "goes off" to his study, consigning all tutors to everlasting perdition, and wondering at the audacity of any one of the species in daring to love a daughter of his; and the young gentleman, who is the coolest of the lot, and the most practical philosopher among them, "goes off" to the stable, mounts his pony, and enjoys a right merry canter; in the midst of all the confusion, several servants "go off" likewise, for not telling tales, and, in fine, you will never see a private tutor of this species in that house again.

No. 2, species detached, genus *Maritus*.

We will suppose that all has not gone right at school, and the boy is "sent to a Private Tutor" whom his father has heard of, seen, and approved. If ever man had one task more difficult than another to perform, the man who undertakes this has good right to complain of his burden; a lad who has passed "two halves" at a Public School is more than a match for any Private Tutor of the detached, or any other genus; and the only consolation they can by possibility lay hold of, is at the end of the quarter or half-year, when a note arrives from the parents, requesting their boy may be returned per bearer, and that the accompanying atom of anxiously desired banking-paper may be acknowledged. We have handselled the system ourselves, and candidly acknowledge that, if we particularly wished to produce enmity between a son of ours and any one man in particular, we would, if possible, place them in the relative positions of Tutor, species detached, genus *Maritus*, and of Pupil; and we opine that, under the present constitution, a more effectual method of obtaining our end could scarcely be devised by man's ingenuity. As to reading, a boy, thus situated, after having been at a public school, loathes and abhors the sight of a book or a study; and if you expect to make a classic or a mathematician of him in this way, you are most egregiously mistaken both in

the latitude and longitude of your son's capacity; and we have no hesitation in stating it as our firm conviction, that the boy's time would be as profitably and as agreeably passed in a jail, as in an establishment of the kind now under consideration, provided he were well lodged, clothed, and supplied with abundance of mental and corporeal food and amusement. With the experience we have of the tutelary system, we should not, even now, hesitate to accept the other, were the two alternatives offered to our choice; and, as far as the Tutor detached is personally concerned, we had rather "break stones on the road," than adopt such a thankless, hopeless, heart-sickening task as that which it is his fate to undertake.

The third kind, the species occasional, genus Chaplain, remains for dissection; let us handle him gently, for he too is a much-enduring man. In early life he was ambitious; but not being favoured by fortune, as the saying is, his college honours and an empty purse were his sole inheritance; he is a bachelor; he would have married—if he could; he did once fall in love, but the lady could'nt wait, so she married another man who could afford to marry, and—she has been miserable ever since. He bore this infliction manfully, *i. e.* he outlived it; and being what the world terms "a sensible man," he adapted his talents to his corporeal wants. Having few things to interest him, he read, studied deeply,

both men and things; and though, in reality, a highly-talented person, he bowed his head to the world, and, as a reward, obtained the post we now find him occupying. Now, if his Pupil possess any "nous" (this means "sense" my lady) whatever, a strong and enduring friendship will grow up between him and this species of Tutor; if the reverse, no one knows what the worthy man has to undergo,—the life of a native Australian were preferable by far. True, the trouble of preparing his pupil for College is spared him at once, and the young man takes such a decisive method of effecting this material end, that nobody can question his talent in this line; ready for College he will be whenever College is ready for him; and this being a point beyond all dispute, he wisely considers that he may dismiss the subject from his mind at once. At College he will be his own master; at home, he is not only his own, but the master of every person and thing about the premises, the governor alone excepted; and that is a question upon which a doubt might fairly be raised; but there is "a deal" of trouble attendant upon this prerogative; the eye of every body is upon him; and, though their tongues are motionless, still the eye speaks, and in a manner which it is sometimes difficult to answer, and rather annoying than otherwise to endure. This makes him anxious to abdicate his throne, and tends moreover to "prepare him for College;"



and on the arrival of the destined period, he takes a polite leave of his Tutor, who heaves a sigh at parting, well knowing how grievous a trial his late charge will have to pass through ere the realities of life, that is to say, the realities of our Social System, are unfolded to his view, in all their literal deformity. Once more he turns to pace the restricted length of his chain ; and, moralizing on the state of things, thinks—kind good creature that he is—what joy would be realized were “human nature” less corrupt, less unamiable than it seems.

## CHAP. IV.

### COLLEGES.

HOME education, scholastic duties (?) and private tutelage, have how occupied one fourth part of the threescore years and ten, which are the allotted term of man's existence here below ; and when we reflect how much *might* be done by the united efforts of our youthful fellow-subjects, in the course of these eighteen years, and how little really *is* done, either for their own, or for the benefit of mankind collectively, we are at once taken aback, and the question stares us full in the face, Why are these things so? But to follow the query in all its bearings would be endless, and foreign to the intent of our present aim. We leave the subject for meditation, and pass on to visit our friend who has so lately left his Tutor of the genus occasional, and is now duly installed in \* \* \* \* Col. Cantab. as a fellow-commoner, and a "freshman." There is a pleasing sense of the independent which pervades the human frame on first viewing "my rooms." The cap and gown, too, have a certain aristocratical something about them, difficult of definition, but perceptible to the senses. This feeling, however, finds its neutralization in the *mauvaise*

*honte* one experiences on first taking the street in the above-named habiliments ; and a practised eye will detect a freshman, on such an occasion, just as quickly and as easily as a freemason will a brother at a dinner-party. A sailor might as well attempt to walk like a life-guardsman, as a freshman like a collegian of two years old ; he tries at it, certainly, but the attempt is a decided failure ; and, if his own personal efforts were ever so successful, his very cap and gown would betray him ; for, do what he will, they will, somehow or other, adopt a very different mode of settling themselves upon him from what he observes they do upon other people. This is indubitably provoking ; but it is of no sort of earthly use thinking about the matter ; it is irremediable,—at least no remedy has hitherto been discovered. They have tried buying an old gown ; they have cracked the corners of their caps, cut the skirts off the gown, pulled the tassel from the cap, but all to no purpose ; a freshman will look like a freshman, go where he will, within the precincts of the university ; therefore it is wisdom on his part to make up his mind to it at once.

Well, the young gentleman is his own master ; but while he is thinking of this fact, and enjoying his independence, the chapel-bell rings, and he does not “ bless ” it for a nuisance ; on the contrary, ten to one but he swears at it. But he is fresh yet ; and after a tremendous bustle, he succeeds in clothing

himself, and takes a place, which he is by no means sure is the *right* place, in the chapel; and, after the conclusion of the service, finds he has unconsciously occupied the post of honour among the dons, instead of the undergraduate's station. This is politely pointed out to him; and he retires to his room and his breakfast, quite determined to cut the chapel, and pay any fine rather than get up so early in the morning for such a purpose again. In the course of a few days, he finds that there are certain inconvenient hours fixed for dining in Hall, for lectures at the Schools, and divers other disciplinarian "fixations," which tend much to modify the sense of independence produced by a prospective view of College life taken from a distance. Now, besides all these there are certain most indispensable duties to perform, such as tandem-driving, hunting, in the season; shooting, boating, suppers, toxophilite meetings, and various other collegiate exercises, such as learning the flute, the key bugle, or the cornopean; and how to find time for all these, and also for such occupations as those unreasonable Heads of Colleges have, in their wisdom, adjudged to be requisite, is as much, if not more, than mortal man is able to accomplish. But the "Rules of Society" have decreed that the attempt shall be made, whether or no; and if experience proves the impossibility of doing two things at once, i. e. attending to pleasure and being

one's own master, and to the duties of the University, why there is but one alternative, and that is to shirk the latter on every possible occasion, and make one's self as comfortable as circumstances will allow.

The vacation soon comes round, and young Master now realizes a something like a feeling of independence when occupying the "box-seat," and having "tipped" the coachman to change sides with him, he rattles away on that splendid bit of Mc Adamization, the road to Huntingdon. Make the most of it, my fine fellow ! for the railway is on the road to meet you ; and, I guess, you have no fancy for "tipping" the engine-driver to let you have a turn at "steaming," and another reason for this piece of advice is, that you may live for many a year before you feel any thing half so exhilarating, in the way of independence, as you now do on that little cramped seat, from whence one false step of your horses, or one slip of your own hand, might hurl you on the unknown shores of eternity. Home you arrive at last, safe and sound ; your mother flies to meet you, and you endure her embrace with somewhat of a doubtful sensation, as to whether she does not think you still a boy ;— your father looks at you with a slight degree of pride as he contemplates your improved frame ; and after your dinner is despatched, he almost grows young again himself on receiving a detail of

your account of college life. The next morning, after breakfast, you are summoned into the study, and your account-book overhauled, when there appears as follows, written in a very neat hand, and every page of the book perfectly clear, and without a blot of any kind :

RECEIVED FROM FATHER.			PAID.		
£. s. d.			£. s. d.		
			By pencil.....	0	0 8
			Sundries .....	599	19 4
			<hr/>		
Cash .....	£600	0 0	Total..	£600	0 0

“Humph !” says the governor, “they didn’t keep accounts in this way when I was at College ; it’s a short way, any how ; saves trouble, I suppose.” But where are your College Bills ? Oh ! they will be sent in at the end of the next term. Neither of you appear to have a very clear comprehension of the matter, however ; and both rather wish to avoid than seek for an explanation. So the subject drops, and the vacation, as all vacations must and will do, arrives at its terminus. You return to College, but not this time as a freshman. You commence a collection of pictures ; and the toxophilite society, of which you are a member, evince their approbation of your taste by using them for targets. One corner of your room is embellished with some dozen or eighteen empty long-necked bottles, which are the historians of by-gone suppers, claret and champagne. Venus, the Graces, and

one or two other delicate subjects of this description, grace your mantle-piece in snow white plaster, save that some wag has inked them, and given them all a pair of moustaches each; and, altogether, you begin to think there are worse places on earth than College.

But there are others besides yourself at College. —Observe that pale, anxious-looking young man, in dark grey trowsers, light grey worsted stockings, and thick shoes; mark him well; he is “the only son of his mother, and she is a widow;” this is his third year; and though he has read thirteen or fourteen hours a day ever since his arrival; and, though you see him now fainting at the very threshold of the examination-room, with his papers scattered all over the court by the wind, he is as sure to be plucked, as the examination is to take place. His mother has spent her *all*; and more than that, she has borrowed, in the fond hope of seeing her son a shining Minister of the Gospel; and yet her every hope is destined to be defeated. The young man is a model of diligence, steadiness, and application; but he has no “head;” and the moment he faces his examiner, his senses will forsake him, and a school boy of the first “half” could answer better than he can. You are tempted to accuse Providence of injustice;—pause before you blaspheme. Of whose ordinance are Colleges and Universities? who made them the test of man’s fitness for society,

for the Church, the Bar, or any other situation in life? Society did, and as she has sown, so must her victims reap.

Our young friend, however, is a man of "expectations," and, though he too is as certain of being "plucked," in one sense, as the other poor fellow is in another, he takes his degree in due course; and, as he is plucked by proxy, that is, his father is plucked for him at the first examination for pounds, shillings, and pence, the effect upon himself individually is but trifling; he has "gone through" the University with "credit" and left it in debt; but then others have done the same thing before him; a man *must* go to College; and, as a necessary sequence, he must leave it; and, having done this, he is considered fit for anything; and if he is not also "up to anything," from pitch and toss to milling a policeman, why, the fault is not his.

We are reluctantly compelled to add to the length of this chapter, contrary to a rule laid down at the commencement of the volume; but there is another class of Collegians, who are sufferers from the "Rules of Society," and their claims are too important to be slighted.—We allude to those hard-reading men who *have* "heads," good memories, but not good health; or who have destroyed their health by over-exertion and intense study. Whether they choose to admit it or not, the Senior-Wranglership is their goal, and worthily do they



strive to reach it; but, in spite of "degrading" for a year, of relaxing for a week or two, at the beginning of the last term, &c. &c., it is of no use; a fifth, sixth, or seventh wrangler's post is the highest they can reach; and, with broken-down constitutions, they retire from their three years' campaign, receiving a fellowship, or a similar trifle, as the reward of their exertions, and looking forward to some such situation as the "tutor occasional," as their ultimate destination. Vain is it to them, that they have "squared the circle," "found out the n'th part of nothing," or solved such problems as might almost make Sir Isaac Newton start from his grave in utter astonishment at their profundity; and happy does the resolver of them think himself if he is appointed to a Curacy of some £ 80. per annum, or a Chaplaincy of about the same amount. A seventh wrangler, in a small country village, is much the same kind of person that his neighbours are, to all appearance; and they, the neighbours, are not very apt to make the distinction, if any exists; but we are of opinion that, if our friend had been brought up in a Phalanstery, his intellectual man would have been more fully developed, his health saved, and his ability to employ his splendid talents been very considerably enlarged.

We have seen two singular anomalies in the course of our walk through life. One was, of a man who was considered all but a dunce at a Public

School; he went to College; drove tandem at an awful pace; four-in-hand, boating, &c., came to him like second nature; every species of jollity, good fellowship, and row were familiar to him; he never read, at least nobody could catch him at any such stupid employment. Somehow, he took his degree, though I never yet met the man who could say how this was effected, but he did it; his next appearance was as a comet of the first order, as Head Master of a Public School; and few in this department of society were his equals; as an elegant, highly-talented scholar, as a man of the most perfect manner, self-possessed, dignified, and, at once evincing powers of the highest intellectual caste, — forth stepped our friend to the world; the dead languages were to him as familiar as the vernacular tongue; and the only mystery was, and still is, how all this was accomplished; for, most assuredly, no ostensible means whatever appeared as the solution of the anomaly. The fact appeared; but further than that, all was obscurity.

This is one instance; take we another. A man who was brought up in a small inland village, at the common school for labourers' children. In time he succeeded to the mastership of this school; proved himself a mathematician of a most superior stamp; with great bodily power, and shrewd discernment, that man is still vegetating in his native village as a small farmer, and a sub-agent of his

landlord. Had he gone to Cambridge, few could have surpassed him in the race; and, had he been the inmate of a Phalanstery, his situation would not now be what it is. The bent of his natural disposition would have been regarded, and his native talent, considered as it justly might have been, a most valuable acquisition to the community. Again the public opinion meets us with its doctrine of "fatalism;" and we are told that "things are as well as they are;" and to this doctrine the fatalists expect us to succumb. In reply, let us enquire, "if your son goes to College, and is thrown from his tandem, or drowned in a boating excursion; are things best as they are? and, if he spends all the fortune you had laid up in store for him for future years, in the short space of the three he has passed at the University, is that because it "was to be," or because you choose to follow the multitude, in spite of the frequent exemplars which were yearly offered to your notice?" But argument is useless; the "dispensations of Providence" are the scape-goat for all the errors and mistakes of society, be they never so fatal, or let the real source be as distinctly evident as the sun is at noon-day.

## CHAP. V.

### FOREIGN TOURS.

OF all unaccountable methods of "spending money for that which is not bread, and labour for that which satisfieth not," this seems to bear away the palm. Still, the desire to visit foreign countries is an inherent propensity in the nature of man; and, in some persons, the desire is so strong, that every other consideration than the gratification thereof, sinks into the shade. We plead guilty to some such sentiment, betraying our better judgment into error some few years ago; and not without a feeling akin to remorse do we think upon the bags of thalers, kreutzers, naps, and francs which vanished on the road from London to Venice, like dew-drops before the sun's all-powerful ray; for we think that, had the afore-named thalers, kreutzers, naps and francs been invested in a Phalanstery, the amount of good done by them would have been, by this time, infinitely extended, in so far as any thing can be termed infinite in this our finite state of being. We opine that our own reflections would have been sweeter; and, although we should not yet have viewed the fair City of the Waters, have reclined in our gondola on the bosom of the Adriatic, or lis-

tened to the Ranz des Vaches on the glorious mountains of the Switzer-land, we deem that we should sleep as soundly and as contentedly now, as if we had never feasted our senses of seeing and of hearing in the above-named sentimental manner. But every body has been "abroad" in these days; and what's a man good for, who has never been out of "the kingdom?" True, you may have followed Sir Walter through the splendid scenery of the Trosachs; you may have stood on the summit of Snowdon, or passed an autumn evening on the waters of Killarney, but all this avails you naught—you have *not* been the "grande tour;" and to perfect your education as a gentleman, to show you "something of the world," you must go to Paris, Rome, Florence, Geneva, &c. &c. No matter whether business calls you or not, this is not the point; there is a something wanting still; and though none of our sages have, as yet, by any means, distinctly defined this mysterious "something," which makes a man a gentleman, without it, you will not be complete.—In defiance of your six years' school and tutorship, your three years at College, and all your other multifarious accomplishments, unless you add to them twelve months' scamper on the continent, and a proportionate additional outlay of what Society has determined to be the "one thing needful," your education is incomplete; therefore, you will be pleased to select

your *compagnon du voyage*; and, if you are not above taking a hint from one who has the advantage of a small degree of experience in matters of this kind, you will take good care to make choice of such a companion as you have no wish to meet again after your tour has terminated, *i. e.* supposing you to possess the usual qualifications which such of John Bull's sons as make the *grande tour* from the customary motive possess.

As to your courier "lucks all," here, only take the measure of his outer man, in case you find yourself under the unpleasant necessity of "licking him,"—a catastrophe by no means out of the common routine of events; choose a good, strong, roomy britska, with *common*, not *patent*, axles, procure your passports, and set off for Dover; sleep there; take the Packet to Calais, but eat a hearty breakfast first, and eschew soda-water and brandy, or you will inevitably be sea-sick. At Calais you will see the first specimen of French land in perfection; dine, and then proceed to St. Omer to sleep, and so on to Cologne; "up the Rhine" to Coblentz; then cut across to the German baths, and make the best of your way to Frankfurt, thence to Innsbruck, and through the Brenner pass of the Italian Alps to Bassano, where you will find male chambermaids, and a few other odd things, such as Indian corn-leaf matrasses, well stocked with mice, plenty of cockroaches, and may be a mosquito or

two. By this time you and your friend have had one or two fallings out by the way, and the weather, the inns, and the oddities, have rather discomposed your philosophy; besides which, travelling, like all other good things, snuff and wine excepted, grows stale by keeping, and wearisome to satiety:—but there you are, and you may as well proceed. To Venice you must hie; and if the state of the thermometer fails to put you in mind of the condition of the atmosphere, your appetite for ice, cold water (“*aqua fresca*”) will soon set you swearing at the sun; but this is absurd, for what can be more beautiful than the spotless azure vault over your head? But you say, look at these filthy, sluggish canals,—and the smell! bah! it’s enough to poison a horse! but they don’t keep horses at Venice, so your fears on this score are unfounded. Lord Byron tried the experiment at Lido, but it failed, as several other experiments his Lordship made did; therefore, make up your mind to enjoy the good, and eschew the evil; and if you dislike Venice, try Rome, or rather winter first at Florence, and turn antiquarian.

By the time you reach Rome at the following Easter, you will know something about pictures, and a little of statuary, banditti, and other interesting objects in natural and unnatural history. Genoa, or Genova la Superba, as the natives term it, will receive you on your way homewards; Milan,

and its model-like cathedral, will next attract your attention; and you will pass the following summer in wandering among the Swiss Alps. Probably a touch of the pastoral will come over you here, and a draught of new milk, obtained at some one of the numerous mountain chalets, will be pronounced one of the greatest luxuries you ever enjoyed. All very well this for once, but it won't do to dwell upon, therefore, down you go to the Lago Maggiore, and if you happen to reach the inn during a heavy thunderstorm, you will have something to talk about besides visiting the Borromean Islands. The next day you will be seized with a peripatetic notion; and at half-past four, a. m. off you will start to make the pass of the Simplon; reach the summit or rather the village of Simplon in time for an early dinner, and if the same people live there, *i. e.* at the inn, who occupied it in the year 1835, you may consider yourself fortunate in the matter of dinner. At eleven at night you will enter Brigg, at the head of the valley of the Rhone; from thence you will post, with all English expedition, to Geneva, where you will squander a great quantity of money upon watches, chains, and other trinkets, which you might obtain in Regent Street for considerably less; *mais n'importe*, the "governor pays for all," and Paris is your next destination. There, what between Frescati's, the Palais Royal, the theatres, and a few



smaller items, you suddenly find your exchequer in any thing but a flourishing condition; so, making a virtue of necessity, you experience a touch of nostalgia, or longing for home, the shooting-season, &c. &c., and your *compagnon du voyage* having by this time grown into a dead weight, and your courier a decided bore, off you set for Boulogne; the Hotel des Bains stands ready to receive you, and make you pay handsomely for the reception; and on the following day, you land once more at Dover, send your carriage and your courier to the custom-house, scarcely caring if you never see either of them again, and you walk off to the Ship Hotel, order a beef-steak of course, and a sole, and I will venture to say, such a sole and steak you never partook of before, nor ever will again, to your thinking. At four o'clock your carriage is at the door, with four of Mr. Wright's bays, and two red-jacketed postillions; and both you and your companion agree that it is a long time since you have seen such a turn-out; the whole menage is unexceptionable; the men, the horses, the harness, every thing is in such utter contrast to their substitutes on the other side the water; the roads are so smooth, the boys drive so evenly and steadily, and yet so rapidly, that you enter Canterbury, exclaiming,—“catch me out of Old England again if you can!” and you tumble into bed at Rochester, after a most

delicious tea, with a degree of satisfaction to which you have for twelve months or more been a stranger. The next day you enter London, and the "grande tour" is at end; you are now "a man" full fledged, plucked, may be, but nevertheless an unexceptionable member of society, with the ideas of a gentleman, perhaps of a prince. True, the *money* is gone, but who cares for money? You have seen something of the world, your mental capacity is enlarged, your companion and your courier are dismissed, and you feel quite equal to settling matters with the "governor," who, to tell the truth, finds you more than a match for him, and who, philosopher-like, shrugs up his shoulders when he inspects his banker's account, and begins to entertain horrible designs against certain large oak trees which ornament his domain; but that's his affair, not yours. He supposes that foreign tours are required by the "Rules of Society," and it is an undeniable fact, that foreign tours are expensive things; and if "things are best as they are," why he has no alternative but submission. The money's gone, that's clear, and "it's of no use crying over spilt milk:" so reasons the governor, and as you by this time care very little about the matter, having the shooting-season to prepare for,—a matter which my friend the Bishop of Bond Street will manage to a nicety for you,—the chances are that your foreign tour will be laid on

the shelf, as this sheet shortly will be; you will have the satisfaction of knowing that all *has* been done which could be done to fit you for the "world;" and, as for the "Rules of Society" you don't see how they could be altered for the better. The subject, therefore, is dismissed *nem. con.*

## CHAP. VI.

### PROFESSIONS.

“CHURCH, Navy, Army, Physic, Law,—which do you choose? If the first, there’s a living of £700 per annum ready for you; if any of the others, I can only give you such influence as I possess, and you must push your way as well as you can.” The young man hereupon reflects that as he has run the usual gauntlet, been almost satiated with what he has seen of “life;” and as he has some notion of marrying, and a clergyman’s existence appears to him a very easy sort of business, and a snug parsonage on the family estate is no very despicable reality, though £700 per annum is somewhat of a minimum,—still, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; so, after due deliberation, he lays the flattering unction to his heart, that he is “called to the ministry.” Accordingly, he takes orders, marries, and becomes a country clergyman. A most estimable class of society this, if they would but *literally* put in practice *all* that they preach, but unfortunately the “system” in which they have been brought up, entirely precludes the possibility of such a thing occurring. Nevertheless, we have a high respect

for the Church,—we mean the Evangelical Church of Christ, not the Puseyite Church of Antichrist, for which we have no respect at all, but an abhorrence both of it and the doctrines which it inculcates. Therefore, we will at once end our observations on this branch of the Professions, merely hinting to our much respected brethren, that they would do well to search diligently whether all is right with them as a body, and whether the motto of our work,—“Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,” be *strictly*, *literally*, and *faithfully*, the rule of conduct by which their actions are directed.

The Navy we will now pay every attention to which it deserves. And we will commence with “the young gentlemen” in Her Majesty’s service. It is an old saying, “I do not know what on earth to do with the boy; I think we must send him to sea.” Therefore, if a lad is fit for nothing else that we can dream of, we do Her Majesty’s Service the high honour of presenting it with this incorrigible specimen of humanity by way of gratitude for past services, and a delicate hint that a continuance of such services would be esteemed a favour. Interest is used, and your “affectionate friends” of the Admiralty Board are pleased to inform you, in due course, that Master Scapegrace, as you have been wont facetiously to term him, is rated as a midshipman on board his H. M. frigate

the "Mind-your-taw." If the lad had been accustomed at school to find the precept, "Do unto others," &c. rather perverted, he here finds it regularly inverted, turned positively inside out and upside down; and he begins to think the ancients were right, after all, in their notion of purgatory, for, most assuredly, "life in a cock-pit" did, at one period of this world's existence, if Capt. Marryatt is to be believed (and we for one believe in him most implicitly), we say, life in the cock-pit of a frigate has a much nearer resemblance to the generally-received notions of purgatory, and the abode of restless, unhappy spirits, than any other known state of existence, either upon the earth or the waters. And, as if to strengthen the likeness, no one imaginable invention was omitted which, without actually causing direct bodily injury, could tend to the discomfort, mental or corporeal, of the denizens of this most questionable place of abode. The "Rules of Society" decree that a sailor's life should be one continued scene of almost unmitigated hardship. No reason can be assigned for this, it is true, save and except that "*it is so, and therefore must be so,*" and any attempt at amelioration is met with "the requirements of the nature of the service," and a few other similarly facetious arguments, the consequence being that "fear" is the anchor of the service. You start!—"A sailor a coward!"—Who dares assert such a thing?

“Pray be calm; white squalls are dangerous.” We never intended to hint at such treason; but still we assert that fear is the anchor of the service; and, under the existing system of things, in the Navy it certainly does seem impossible to control a number of men huddled together as they are, sometimes for months in succession, in the small compass of a ship, with any other power; but we maintain, that under a more extended and refined system, there would be no need to resort to fear as the governing principle.

We will not now waste words and time in the argument; leave we that for the present, and let us follow our young acquaintance who has been sent to sea “because he was fit for nothing else;” he is a fine, handsome, high-spirited boy,—the leader of his comrades in every undertaking of manliness and daring, a sort of fellow who would glory in cutting down a whole forest in a day, or blowing up a mountain, or a cliff, with twenty thousand pounds, or tons if possible, of gunpowder at a flash; one whose talents would be invaluable to a Phalanstery if properly directed, but you have doomed him to the sea, because he was fit for nothing else, and his pent-up spirit certainly does feel something like relief when battling with the storm, or the enemies of his country. Led away by the ardour of his disposition, what matters it to him what is the nature of the excitement, whether cutting and

slashing his fellow-creatures, or blowing them up wholesale? You have supplied him with no better motive for exertion, and inactivity is death to a mind constituted like his. In a short time he is the idol of the ship, the envy, I was going to say; but sailors are not envious; the hardships they undergo teach them generosity, if they teach nothing else; well, then, he is the admiration, not envy, of his brother officers: you hear he is no longer a "young gentleman," but a Lieutenant; your heart swells with pride to think that, after all, your boy is good for something, and the very next letter you receive from the ship, is from his Commanding Officer, stating, that either he fell overboard in a gale, or has perished in some equally distressing manner. Again you are tempted to blaspheme against Providence, and to ask why it is thus with you? May it not be, that, as you sent the boy to sea "because he was fit for nothing else," in your short-sighted estimation, the Almighty, to convince you of the presumptuous error into which you had fallen, was pleased to remove him from this world of trial on which you had thrown him, just at the very moment when you thought that the wisdom of your decision regarding your son was beginning to be proved? Reflect upon the motive which induced you to send him to sea, and then say whether or no it will bear the test.

The Army. "O, I'll be a soldier because my



papa was a soldier," says a little boy, in answer to the question, what profession would he choose? and as his papa resides in the neighbourhood of a garrison, this matter is soon decided. Now, to divest the system of any thing like obscurity, we will take the liberty of putting one or two plain questions, requesting any person who is so disposed to favour us with equally plain answers. 1st. take away the "pomp and circumstance" of our present military system,—the uniform, the trappings, the music, and all the minute et ceteras, for which we have generally found that men profess utter contempt, and—who would be a soldier, unless he could'nt, as our friend Samuel SLICK says, help his self? 2ndly. What gentleman's son would voluntarily confine himself to a garrison-life in his common, every-day clothing? 3rdly. What labourer's son in his senses would enlist, if he were told he must do the duty of a soldier in a smock-frock, and hob-nailed shoes, and a hat of a description yecept a "Burton-round," a "tile," or a "navigator?" 4th. Is the pay the attraction?—impossible; it will hardly find your accoutrements, and pay your subscription to the mess. The glory of the thing, then? Take away, as we have said, the externals, and where is it? 5th. Would you undertake the campaign in Cabool over again for this? 6th. Would you play at nine-pins with the poor Chinese, as to our disgrace be it

spoken, we have lately set you so admirable an example, for the "fun" of the thing, or the glory of war? Not you; you had rather turn gamekeeper at once, we will engage to affirm. "But at this rate," say you, "you would knock up the whole establishment;" quite the reverse—we would establish it; and instead of making it a profession which screws all the money out of a man's pocket, all the morals he possesses out of his heart, and leaves him nothing in return but a broken-down constitution, and a paltry pittance of half-pay for his trouble and his services, we would make the service itself an honour and a reward, literally, not mystifiedly; and when a man retired from the service of his country, he should not have to complain of the ingratitude of his country or her rulers. We would invert the whole present system, and place it within his power to secure his own reward; and, as we said in a former volume, from being merely a protector and a consumer in society, he should be a producer both for himself and the community.

But now let us attend to the claims of "the Faculty," for to their attention to our necessities, we hold ourselves deeply indebted. Again, we will suppose the parents "do not know what to do with their boy," and we are quite sure this must be the case in the matter of Medicine and Surgery, for no man who had another alternative, would ever think

of sending a child to such a profession, unless he evinced such an *un-natural* propensity for gallipots and cataplasms, or shewed a disposition to study anatomy, which put the matter beyond a doubt; as was proved by the example of a boy who, I was told, used to nail live rats to the garden wall, and then dissect them for the purpose of understanding how the heart beat, or some similar scientific reason. Such decided geniuses we have nothing to do with; they are beyond the reach of ordinary ambition, and quite out of the common routine of things. But, to our primary supposition, you don't know what to do with your boy, and your medical attendant happens at the time to be in a position just the reverse of yours; he doesn't know what to do without one; how can any case be clearer? You are quite inclined to think the whole affair as indicative of Providential design; and in this you are arguing presumptuously; for the bent of your child's mind or disposition are no more studied in this case, than if he were destitute of the faculties altogether. But he is sent to the Doctor, who, worthy man, thinks that he cannot do better by his pupil than his preceptor did by him; therefore, the system commences, and books are put into the boy's hands which treat of divers cunning arts and preparations; a regular series of diseases and their curatives is displayed to his view, and he, by degrees, becomes assured of the fact, that if you give a person Pil.

Hydrarg. grs. iiii, followed by Mist. niger. oz. ii, certain effects will be as certainly produced ; and having laid down this as the foundation-stone of his system, all the rest is as easy as an architect's work is when his clerks have prepared the working drawing for the edifice he is about to erect.

Our young friend is taught next to make strange amorphous compounds, &c., and to detect poison from nutritive substances ; after this, he is taken to visit a few trifling cases ; after that, he goes to London to "walk the Hospitals," and here he often walks straight into the identical grave from which his profession teaches him he is to save others. This is one way of obtaining "the end of life," but we will hope better things of him than this, and imagine that he has become his preceptor's assistant, and that state of existence passed, he obtains a post in a country village, after some ten years of a life which no man could endure to look back upon without a shudder, or a cigar. — The situation may be nominally worth £300. per annum ; the real income half of the sum ; and this is his meed for having adhered to the "Rules of Society."

The Physician and the Surgeon in a town do better, *i. e.* they make more money, and their reward is, that taken on an average, as a body, they are the shortest-lived of any of the higher Professions, and their life, while it lasts, one uninterrupted course of anxiety, unrest, and liability to disturb-

ance. Neither do the natives at large live one jot the longer for the "system;" and it is proved, beyond a doubt, that the Doctors themselves don't live so long as they would have done, had they adopted some other calling. Some strange error must exist in such a system as this; and the subject is well worthy the deep investigation of the parties principally interested, to wit, the Doctors themselves, and the parents who don't know what to do with their children, and who dispose of them in the manner here described. The "Profession" is crowded to overflowing; and yet disease, death, and fatal accidents are as rife as ever. In vain do we continue to create a race of doctors, and in vain do they make "elegant extracts" and "exhibit delicate preparations," of nauseous compounds; we find the spirit of cold water laughing at us in one corner, the guardian genius of artificially-procured perspiration in another; he of brandy and salt steps boldly forward, and asserts his right to a "position;" and the mesmeri spirit grins at you behind a misty veil, and dares you to dispute his claim to supremacy!—the quartett combine to defy Galen, Hippocrates, Abernethy, Cooper, and all the sages of ancient or of modern "extraction." The Chemist begins to think whether he had not better turn engineer at once; and, meanwhile, we poor patients are in jeopardy. However, in the midst of the storm, we confess to having laid hold of the skirts

of him of cold water, thinking him harmless, at any rate; and it is an undeniable fact, that he has hitherto amply repaid us for our confidence.

Let us now say one word "to the wise," by which term we mean to include the Legal Profession and their dependencies. You intend your son for the "Bar," and floating images of unnatural wigs, woolsacks, and such like phenomena, serve to amuse the lady mother's imagination. The process of metamorphosis from a Collegian to a Barrister is easy, indeed the "transition state" is rather agreeable from any given condition, than otherwise. A certain number of dinners eaten, or terms kept, in London, and you are at once admitted to the "Bar." You may obtain a brief, and you may pass your whole life without seeing such a thing; but that has nothing at all to do with the principle; you were brought up to the Bar, and you are a Barrister. Should you be lucky enough to be selected for the defence of a bad cause, and are able to demonstrate beyond the shadow of doubt that black is white, or that snow is of a jet black colour, as a book on our table declares it positively is, your fortune is made, and rise you certainly will; but if you take the standard rule of truth, reality, and literal fact, for your guide, you may as well, and much better would it be for you, if you were to throw up your brief, take your passage out to Port Philip, and pastoralize among the Australian hills.

We once met a boy, whose father had determined to bring up to the Bar; the whole bent of the lad's mind was towards a military life; and as a second fond thought, his parents wished him to take to the violin; from his earliest age, he hated the sound of a fiddle; so he progressed in life,—the Bar was out of the question, and he was neither encouraged or allowed to join the army; the consequence of which was that he did nothing whatever in the way of any profession. Now had he been brought up in a Phalanstery, he would, as a matter of course, been attached to an "Industrial army," and in all probability, have signalized himself and benefitted his fellow-creatures, in the pursuit of a profession for which he had an ardent predilection by nature.

One other branch of the professions remains for our notice, viz. that of the second grade of legalizers, the Solicitors; and the requirements which the "Rules of Society" exact from these unfortunate beings, would fill, not a volume, but a library. In the first place, you require them to make a will, in such a way as would render the bare idea of setting it aside "morally" impossible; you will then take him another will, drawn up on precisely the same system, and ask him to find a flaw in it, than which, of course, nothing is easier; the "glorious uncertainty of the law" could not exist without this faculty of untying its own knots. Again, a man is "out at elbows;" every acre he has is mortgaged,

and his life insured to its utmost value ; for all this, money you want, and money you *must* have ; so he has instructions to raise it, and he does it, but how, is a mystery to every body. They say all Lawyers are rogues ; perhaps so ; but I will only ask, who made rogues of them ? a self-taught Solicitor is a *lusus naturæ* no man ever yet saw ; but the fact is this,—the “ Rules of Society ” demand that rogues shall exist ; that wills, however just and clear, shall be set aside, and “ somebody ” must do the work. It is a lucrative business, moreover ; and the pill is well gilded or silvered, so down it goes. The legal system is loudly exclaimed against on all sides ; but your children must be brought up to some profession, and a Solicitor’s is a very “ respectable ” business ; it is a profitable business ; besides, we should’nt be too “ particular,” we should never “ get on in the world ” if every body were to be so nice ; there would be an end to every thing ; society itself would stand still. Would that society did pause, and enquire if it was not even now “ getting on in the world ” rather more rapidly than consists with its well-being here, or its prospects for eternity.



## CHAP. VII.

### SETTLING IN LIFE.

WHAT an ominous sentence is this, and how does Nature's very nature shrink from the idea! You are like a man who having walked across a beautiful sunny island, through the midst of scenery which awakened every sense of delight the natural man is capable of enjoying, (intellectually speaking, of course,) finds himself "brought up with a round turn" at the edge of a cliff from whence he surveys a mighty expanse of waters, bounded by a dark, chilly-looking mist, his powers of vision fail to penetrate. He turns him with a sigh, but no longer is the isle a sunny isle; the evening is advancing, and "o'er the gloomy hills of darkness," he sees fast approaching, another cold, chilly mist, which shuts out from his gaze the fair scene that has so lately blessed his eye-sight; he mutters something about "the fleeting joys of life," and sadly and slowly betakes him to his inn or his resting-place for the remainder of the evening. The lodging or the inn do indeed afford a mournful contrast to the temple of nature, that glorious fabric of an Almighty hand, in which our friend has passed the day, and he retires to his rest as a

matter of necessity, not of choice. Just so is it with settling in life; the "good old times" of our early recollection are the sunny isle in memory's watery waste; the mist of uncertainty veils our future prospect, and the past is hid for ever from our view, remembered but to be regretted. The "Rules of Society," are to be thanked for this; for, in nature, all things are tending, not as it is blasphemously asserted, to decay, but in reality, to perfection; and did we but keep this truism more in mind,—would we but adopt the example set us by the Almighty Creator Himself, with what an astonishingly different eye and spirit should we survey the past, the present, and the future! One beauteous scene of love and truth, of remembrance of countless mercies would meet us in a retrospect of the past; the present scene would be one of joy and deepest gratitude; the future, a boundless reign of untold, unthought-of happiness and bliss. In lieu of the moanings and sighs of the broken-hearted, way-worn, dispirited "Settler-in-life," the welkin would re-echo the glorious song of praise and thankfulness unto Him who formed so fair a home as this for us thankless, ungrateful creatures, who have turned a paradise into a dreary waste, and the garden of Eden into a howling wilderness.

But leave we the contemplation of this fair scene of what might be, did not the rules and customs of

society forbid it; and let us follow the fortunes of our wayfarer, who, his childhood's time of trial, his schoolboy's misapplication of talent, his collegiate career, his foreign tour being all in their due course over, and his profession being chosen and entered upon, bethinks him of "settling in life," and whose first step towards this is to marry. Long has he hesitated to do this; the heyday of life is passed, and though still a young man, in the customary sense of the term, his experience of the realities of society, have by no means added a relish for the silken bonds of matrimony, as some wag has denominated those ties which, to people who marry early, are the strongest and most binding our human nature knows; but he (our friend) has long ago laughed to scorn his romantic notions of "first love, exclusive affection," and all that sort of nonsense, as a married lady of my acquaintance is pleased to designate the holiest feeling we can cherish here below, next to the love of our Maker and Redeemer.

He marries now from motives of expedience, respectability, &c., and his choice is a "sensible, clever woman," who, with a heart already seared and blighted in its dearest hopes by the laws of Society, now looks only for an establishment, and professes to ridicule any other sentiment. Poor sufferer! it has cost you many a pang to reach this most enviable (?) height of philosophy; and many

a sigh will you heave, and many a bitter tear will trace its furrow on your fair cheek, ere you forget your heart's first joyous throbbings, when, in early days, you fondly and proudly dwelt on the thought, how you could love, and evince that love, if the object of your choice would but "come forward." But the decrees of Society have baffled you here; and your womanly pride, or it may be your meek and sensitive nature, have borne you through the conflict; and even now, though ardent attachment is out of the question, you still feel gratitude for being chosen; and if that generous sentiment were but worthily cherished and appreciated, as it ought to be, by your husband, a degree of happiness, negative perhaps, but yet calm and peaceful, might be yours; still, constituted as our social system now is, you are venturing on dangerous ground; a look, a word, may hurl you from your throne; and though you may be settled in life, and an establishment the most unexceptionable be yours, you would willingly relinquish all for one of your early golden days.

Your husband, however, is married; he struggles under the yoke as well as he is able, and endeavours to console himself for the loss of liberty, as he calls it, with the reflection that he is doing what "every body" has done before him. Public business calls him much from home; society, too, *i. e.* the dining part of it, helps to while away the time,

and his professional duties do the rest. You married for an establishment; he soon finds that out; and being quite "a man of the world," he ceases to trouble his head on that score, philosophically concluding, that it would be of no use if he did; and so long as you occupy your post at the head of the table with credit to yourself, and satisfaction to his guests, and confine your detail of lamentations to your lady acquaintance, people will quote you as models of matrimonial felicity. Time passes on, and life gradually fades away, and you both find "Settling in Life" a very, very different state from what the bright visions of your early days had led you to anticipate. *You left them on the fair sunny isle; you launched your bark on the wide waters of Society; you have penetrated the mist which formerly obscured the distant view; and, like Eve, when she had tasted of the forbidden fruit, your eyes have been opened, and the dreary void of emptiness, vanity, and vexation of spirit, are all you have found beyond.*

Let us now look at another sketch from the gallery of society. A young couple have the courage to break the established "Rules," and for sheer love, and nothing less, marry at an age when, we are told, people "cannot know their own minds." Query, is this species of knowledge ever attained? but, determined to take Nature for their guide, they obey her dictates; and the young

man conveys his bride to his family home. If they are people "not of the world," they realize as much of Paradise now as ever can be done; and, let what will befall in after life, this period of their existence will be the sunny isle to them; and they will be tempted to ask,—can such happiness be meant for mortals to enjoy? But, as in Eden's glorious land, the old serpent will be here; Society will exclaim against such a waste of time, of talent, and of opportunity; she will whisper to the fond husband, of fame, of public opinion, of the glorious career of a political leader; his honour will be touched, his pride aroused, and, in defiance of every dictate of nature and of common sense, with the experience of thousands before his eyes, he will turn his back upon the sunny isle, exchange his fair Eden of home for the Scylla of London and the Charybdis of political life; and from that hour the demon of Society triumphs; his beautiful partner, the Eve of his Eden, who there was all the world to him, will be transplanted into an exotic climate, which at first almost suffocates every feeling of her heart. Admiration, it is true, and flattery will be there to fan her with their breath; but the breath is as that of a volcano, and ere two seasons have passed, you would scarcely recognize the being as the same whom you once were wont to regard as something almost angelic. Eve, when clad in the skins of beasts, and toiling by her husband's side,

after being driven from Eden, was not more transformed and different from that glorious creature, who stood in all her native majesty, a queen amid the bowers of Paradise, than is the wife of that victim of society of whom we now treat. But is she not to be envied? Has she not witnessed the triumphs of her noble husband in "*the House?*" Has she not seen him smiled upon by Royalty's self? and have not coronetted heads obsequiously bowed before him? and has she, too, been without her share of triumph? How can you for an instant doubt it? You must be an "infidel" to admit the shadow of a suspicion.

There are hours in the deep stillness of the night, when every sound is hushed, the glare and excitement of the world shut out, and Nature's self appears to slumber, when may be heard the restless groan of the wearied but sleepless Ruler in Society, the half-suppressed but eloquent sobs of her, who a few hours ago, was gaiety's personification; of all the crowd the most admired, the envy of them all. At such a moment, the vision of the sunny isle has arisen unbidden to their mental eye; they would give worlds, did they possess them, to hurl the present into the dark waters of oblivion, and recall the past; but, on turning, they perceive the mist has arisen behind them, and from out that mist, the mocking demon of Society is brandishing with one hand the flaming sword of ridicule and

pusillanimity to meet them if they turn back, and attempt to enter the Eden from which they have banished themselves; while, with the other, he points in derision forward, and they find the die is cast. To meet the shadow, for a shadow it is, a mere delusion, which would retire instantly on their approach, is more than they have courage to attempt; and, with hearts surcharged almost to bursting, they prepare to meet the splendid wretchedness of the coming day. Again and again the same tragedy is enacted, until nature grows weary of the conflict, and casts off the burdensome load of existence.

We could enlarge upon the benefits of "Settling in Life," for it is in truth a fruitful theme, but the subject is a painful one. If the Associative System should ever be established, we promise to pourtray for your especial gratification and delight, "a bright little sunny isle of our own," which shall more than compensate for the mournful scenes you have just been contemplating in our company.



## CHAP. VIII.

### RESULTS.

#### NO. 1. INFANT EDUCATION.

AMONG the higher classes of Society, the Results of Infant Education upon the usual system are—unmanageableness, in the first instance; discontent among the children themselves, in the second; constant quarrels between brothers and sisters; and where circumstances compel the parents to pass the greater part of their time with the children, a burdensome sense of oppression, of fatigue, and a disposition to regard their offspring as a source of misery instead of blessing. The final result of all which consequences is, that they bring up a race of beings to undergo the same painful process over and over again, unless one more venturesome than the rest dares to set “fatalism” at defiance, and striking into the path of literal interpretation and common sense, reaps his reward in the attainment of a position, from which he can survey with ease, though sorrowfully, the grovelling propensities of those beneath him.

With respect to the poorer classes, the effects of the partial education, society has ordained for them,

are manifest in all the streets of every village and town of the realm. Like Frankenstein, we have created a phantom, given it impulses, and desires we knew never could, and which we never intended should be gratified; we are horror-struck at meeting the appearance at every turn, we shrink from the demands it so justly makes, *and we find that we have begun at the wrong end; we have created the inhabitants as it were, but have forgotten to prepare a world for their habitation.* Our Maker did not thus.

## NO. 2. SCHOOLS.

The natural tendency of our public schools may be summed up in brief terms. Before a boy goes to school, the Christian principle of universal love and benevolence may be "all very well," but if you expect a continuance of the system at a public school, you may as well expect to find a whale in your wine-cellar, or a peacock at the bottom of the sea. Swearing, lying, *i. e. white lying*, as Mrs. Opie terms it, and debauchery, are the principal attainments; a boy who has talent of the first order may be a dunce at school, and one with a good memory, and no talent, except for mischief, may haul in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, as he would a bottle of wine. We have known boys able to repeat page after page, without missing a word, after having only read that page once, and perhaps

laughed and talked while they were reading. But this is digressing: when your boy leaves school he is fit for college, that is to say, he is considered competent to take care of himself, and he proves it, after a fashion, and this is the result you aimed at; you have it, therefore.

The village school is our next point. Here you actually turn out, on the average, about one "clever man" in 500; that is to say, one rather sharper than the rest begins to think the system inadequate, therefore he instructs himself, and finds the benefit of so doing. The rest, after making their due portion of noise from 9 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, abstracting one hour for dinner, quietly settle down to the plough tail; they can just read enough to "make fun" of the holy volume they were taught to read as a task, and ten years hence, if you ask one of them to sign his name, he tells you "he canna wroite," though he was at it daily for four or five years; nevertheless, "he's a desput good hand at the plough," and that satisfies Society.

### NO. 3. UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

What noble Institutions! truly may they be denominated the pride of our land; what is there a man may not learn there?—if he pleases. And it must be admitted that many of the sons of "Alma Mater" have "proved themselves men." This is

a remarkable "Result" in the present constitution of society, and we will do well to investigate the origin thereof. The fact is this, whether we choose to admit it or not, the Phalansterian principle is here unwittingly adopted, though not recognized, as the main spring of action, and were it allowed to throw off the mask of our present Social System, and would our universities but abjure a few grievous errors of judgment, and avow openly the principle upon which their existence is based, they would stand confessed to the world as Suns in the Phalansterian firmament of society. A slight degree of systematic arrangement, a course of purgation and purification, a reciprocal interchange between the colleges, of the present confused mass of subjects for instruction, upon strict mathematical and classical calculations, would convert each college into a Phalanx; and without the additional outlay of one single coin, with far less trouble than is now unavoidably taken, should we at once be enabled to remove many of the most pressing evils under which the community suffers. In a subsequent part of this work we shall make an humble endeavour, with the most profound "submission and self-mistrust," to illustrate the truth of our position, and point to a "Result" we deem worthy of attainment. Suffice it here to say that we would "reverse the poles," and instead of allowing "Alma Mater" to pluck her unfledged brood of their hopes

and their cash, she should voluntarily afford them support, until they were able to support themselves; the "Result" of which would be, that she would have yet greater cause to be proud of her nurslings, and the gratitude of her family would still cause her coffers to overflow with wealth, and her Halls with the treasures of wisdom.

#### NO. 4. PRIVATE TUTORS.

We here beg leave to apologize for having committed a most un-Phalansterian act, through inadvertence, viz. omitting the above-mentioned most worthy class of society in their "regular order of series;" hoping for pardon, we will endeavour to trace a few of the "Results" to which Society renders them peculiarly liable, and such as Society itself derives from their efforts. Their share of the "Results" is soon disposed of, its constituent particles being in most cases mortification, disappointment, and a small Living, or a chaplaincy, hardly earned, it is true, but nevertheless thankfully and meekly accepted. Society has placed her "thumb" upon them, and, like the little finger of Rehoboam, they find the yoke a most effective one. The "Results" for which Society is indebted to them are however somewhat difficult of enumeration, or of definition; in the aggregate we will admit they are of importance.

A private tutor saves the parent a "world of trouble;" the servants likewise are infinitely indebted to him, and they evince their sense of obligation in the most curious manner, needless here to expatiate upon, but well understood by the initiated in such matters. The visitors too find a kind, talented, and intelligent friend in the Tutor domestic; and it is much to be questioned if they are not more deeply indebted to him than the whole of the rest of the household. The young ladies (if they exist) had better beware of him, and he of them, of course it is his duty to be agreeable; being agreeable begets a sense of kind feeling, a sense of kindness leads to pity, and a wish "somebody was better off," and we all know what sentiment pity is akin to. If you yield, the "Result" is shipwreck; I mean heart-wreck, and if you weather the storm, you will find on overhauling your log of results that your "best bower" is slipped, and your mainmast gone "clean by the board." The "Result" of this will be that it will take you some time to re-fit—both of you.

#### NO. 5. FOREIGN TOURS.

An Italian sky is an unquestionably beautiful subject for contemplation, though you may occasionally, in the early part of April particularly, find them quite as magnificent in England. Alpine

scenery is indeed an ennobling study, and well worthy the attention of the last and noblest work of the Creator. The wild Savannas of the west, and the glorious celestial firmament of the Antarctic circle, speak volumes in language unutterable to the mind reflective and given to meditation. But Society has determined that men of this caste are "wild visionaries, enthusiasts, day-dreamers, stargazers, and fit for nothing." The "Result" is obvious, single-handed, they can *do* nothing; and "who in their senses would waste their time in such unprofitable study?" "*Cui bono*" is stamped upon all their discoveries, and Society eyes them as she passes with a contemptuous self-wise smile, and thinks what "fools they are to waste their time upon such trash." But the man who dashes from Norway to Constantinople, and empties his father's purse, and his own head and heart with one and the same effort, is indeed a "man," and marked by Society as her especial favorite. John Bull has a character to maintain in foreign countries, and well does our foreign tourist establish the claim; the wily foreigner admits the claim, and writes his bill in characters of gold, with which material we so abundantly furnish him. Though wanting this, we ween that cracked skulls, and reeking daggers, would oftener tell a tale by no means pleasing to the tourist's ear; and Society would find herself compelled to adopt some other mode of "finishing

the education of her children," and making them "perfect gentlemen," than the very unquestionable resource of a Foreign Tour. Results,—an empty purse,—a satiated mental appetite,—a tobacco-pipe from Heidelberg,—a meerschaum from Constantinople,—a tea-pot from Pompeii, which bears a striking resemblance to an English chamber utensil, and in fine, "a treatise on the celestial habits of the Chinese."

#### NO. 6. PROFESSIONS.

With our high estimation of the Church as a body, we can scarce venture to divulge our "associative" opinions with regard to our Clerical brethren: truth however compels us to assert, that we are sometimes staggered by the reflection which is forced upon our notice, that schisms, divisions, and a want of brotherly love, are painfully observable among them, and with a general statement of this "Result," we take our leave of the subject, earnestly entreating the clergy to search for the "root of bitterness," and pluck it out of the ground of the Church without delay. Our "Naval and Military" System of Society produces results the most astounding to a mind of ordinary calibre; it leads men to peril soul and body, to risk every hope of comfort and happiness here and of glory hereafter, for objects which, if we could for a moment conceive the idea of sorrow entering within the gates of Heaven, might almost draw a tear



from an angel's eye; and if mirth could "dwell with everlasting woe," would cause the vaults of the infernal regions to ring again with the hellish shouts of sarcasm and demoniac approbation. Results,—impaired constitutions, and a paltry half-pay for your earthly reward,—the gratitude of your country?—Ask Society for it. The Physician and the Lawyer: what are your results? You are sought by all when your assistance is indispensable; you are tacitly avoided, and askance looked upon at other times. You may be the means of saving your patient's life, or his fortune, and your "bill" will perhaps be paid—perhaps not, but how many of your patients or your clients would take *one* journey only to save your life or your fortune? Again I say ask "Society," and let her answer for her children. "Results,—infidelity, profligacy, and a forced though reluctant confidence.

NO. 7. SETTLING IN LIFE.

"You had better take care," says a husband to a bachelor friend who informs him of his intention of marrying. "Ah well! I don't know what to say," chimes in the wife. "Hang all this mystified nonsense," say you, "why can't you speak out at once?"—just because Society forbids it. There is a secret in matrimony, similar to that which is said to exist among Freemasons, the "Results" of which are that a man goes to the altar as if it were

a gallows ; and when he first takes his wife's hand in his own after the ceremony, experiences an awkward sensation perfectly undefineable, just as if he were not quite certain he had not been doing something which after all were better left undone. Now all this is clearly contrary to common sense, to the Laws of God, and the decrees of nature ; but on the present system help yourself you cannot, there is a chain around you which galls you to the quick at every writhe you make to free yourself ; and another result is that you again accuse Providence for entailing such a hard necessity upon human nature, when you and Society have woven every link of the chain with your own hands, and so rivetted it around your system, that singly you are unable to afford yourself the slightest relief ; and you are too proud to acknowledge your error, and accept of co-operative assistance. Sum total of "Results" in this case,—you must continue to wear your chain, and every turn you make will twist the links tighter ; you may burst them, but they will wound you in the effort, and that wound will never heal while you remain a member of Society.

#### NO. 8. SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

From the foregoing observations we are led to infer, that there exists in every department of Society some ingredient which poisons every joy

of life, which sets every law, divine and human, at defiance, and by which Society itself is shaken to the very foundation. Men of learning, thought, and high intellectual powers, would do well to direct their most serious attention to the detection of this ingredient, or of its constituent parts. Our clerical friends set the matter at rest at once, by referring us to their scape-goat, the corruption of human nature. The naval and military authorities are quite decided, that if you interfere with the established "Rules of Society" which have especial reference to them, you at once produce insubordination, mutiny, and their attendant horrors, and that "the Service will consequently go to the devil," (militarily and navally speaking)—an arbitration of which we civilians of course are not able to dispute the meaning, being somewhat ambiguous or mystified. The Bench, the Bar, and their Satellites, think we are a parcel of fools to agitate the question at all; and the anatomist considers the dissection of a "subject" a much more important and satisfactory occupation than the dissection of Society. In reply to all these the Phalansterian and the Philanthropist say, all effects are the necessary sequences of a cause; that admitted, we find as a matter of indisputable truth that the cause removed, the effect ceases. If you feed a hungry man, his hunger ceases, where it vanishes to, neither you or he can tell, but it leaves

him; hunger is an evil, all evil is a consequence of original sin; but hunger in an individual, is a remedial evil, capable of being removed; you can easily do this singly, because the amount of good done is in proportion to your powers of relief. Let one hundred men however apply to you to relieve them *all* of their hunger, and you at once perceive that the means are not proportionate to the end; but the united efforts of yourself and ninety-nine others would be sufficient, and would more than suffice for the purpose. *Ergo*, reasoning by analogy and experience he arrives at the conclusion, that if one consequence of "original sin" be removable, and admitting the corruption of human nature to be ever so great, ever so powerful, there is no reason to be *rationaly* assigned why some of the burden may not be thrown off, and a portion at least of the aforesaid corruption cleansed from off the face of Society, whereby it is now so lamentably disfigured. He then pauses and casts a look around; the first object which meets his view is the ruin of an ancient castle; says he, now if I were to patch up this old building, I might make some rooms habitable therein, but in the event of a storm or tempest of uncommon violence occurring, ten to one but the whole thing comes rattling down about my ears, and I get crushed to death in the *melée*. That won't do; besides as I patch at one end, Old Time digs

his scythe into the other, and for the life of me I can't keep pace with the old fellow; but suppose I leave the ruin for his especial amusement, and I and my comrades set to work and build another castle, the odds are that we can build faster than he can pull down,—we'll try at any rate. “But who,” says Society, “do you think will live in your castle when it is built?” “Never do you mind,” is the reply—“the railroads have taught us a lesson or two on that head, and if you will not supply your children with any better shelter than the corruption of human nature; if you will make prisons of your workhouses, ruin your supporters with gin-shops, beer-houses, war-taxes in times of peace, and place such an Augean mass of filth, such an accumulation of insuperable obstacles in their path, as almost threatens to suffocate them bodily, why you must, having created the cause, be entitled to the full and entire benefit of the effect. Such a course however does not suit us, we look for better things—we hope for better things, and in a firm reliance, not on the corruption of human nature, or on the efficacy of free trade or taxes, but on the Divine aid, we will endeavour to erect a new fabric, such as we deem suitable to the requirements of those who complain of your mode of provision. Now we have not the slightest wish to pull, or intention of pulling your house about your ears, but we will build

a new mansion, and leave it to the sense of the public to decide whether of the two, yours or ours, is the more fit for habitation."

"But what is to become of me," says Society, "if you thus take all the trade out of my hands?—this will never do." Again we refer to our friend the Railway, as well might the old stage coaches, the inns on the different "lines," and their society have put the same question to the "Railway Society." They *did* put it, and instead of setting to work, and joining the latter with heart and soul, and participating in the profits, they stuck their hands in their breeches pockets, and went about swearing at and uttering all sorts of maledictions against all innovators; and between whiles groaning out in chorus "What is to become of us, I wonder?" And to this day such is their extreme stupidity and illiberality, that they impute all the evils of society to the formation of railways, just as our clerical brethren do to the corruption of human nature. Now that crime is the *effect* of original sin, and the total depravity of human nature is a *sequence* of that effect, we no more attempt to deny than we would dispute the fact of our own existence at the moment of our inditing this paragraph; but if you tell us that the present system of society is calculated to *repress* the corruption of human nature, and to keep the flame under, we affirm that so far from being at all adequate to effect, or likely to

produce a consummation so much to be desired, we think it could scarcely be possible to devise a system better, or more admirably calculated to excite and add to the said corruption, and not only to *fan* the flame, but add fuel and that too of the most combustible nature to it. Therefore we opine, that the most obvious corollary is, if you withdraw the fuel, the flame will cease to exist, and the fire may thus be kept under ; if you extract the *fermenting principle* from the corruption, though the substance continue to be, it will cease to boil over ; if you sow or plant wholesome vegetables in your garden, there will not be half the room for weeds there formerly was, and you will be more at liberty to eradicate the latter *as they appear*, to nip them in the bud, and substitute plants, shrubs, or trees in their places. If you have a piece of ground that will grow kedlock, twitch, or wild poppies, in spite of you, plant it with spruce fir, and in a very short space the poppies, the twitch, and the kedlock, will disappear.

Every thing in life is “fit for something,” think what you choose about the matter ; and there never was a mass of corruption yet in existence, which might not by energetic means be wholly removed, or so covered over as to be comparatively harmless. You may erect your house on a dunghill if you please, or under it, and you may persuade the grovelling earth-worm and the sexton-beetle to dwell

there ; but place a swallow or an eagle there, and he pines by degrees and dies : remove the dung-hill, and the worm and beetle vanish ; their support is gone, and they have no alternative but to depart also. Just so is it with your filthy dens, in the heart and suburbs of your towns and country villages ; they are only fit for the dwellings of thieves and robbers, and everything that shuns the light. Few really civilized beings would voluntarily resort to the gin-shop, or the beer-house, but if you will create such places of refuge, and thus feed vice with the food most natural to its depraved appetite, you may rest assured your customers will be abundantly numerous, and your reward equivalent to your deserts ; as your jails, your workhouses, and your gas-lit streets will testify. Vice, like weeds, will thrive amain, if provision be made for its support, and it is much to be doubted whether the ingenuity of man, or evil spirits themselves, could invent a more efficacious mode of nourishing it in every form than that which the Rules of Society have established.

“ At this rate then, I suppose you mean to tell us, that the social edifice is in somewhat the same condition that the Augean stables were in days of old ? ” Precisely so, for once you have hit the right nail on the head ; and we will proceed to develop the likeness. Now when our old friend Hercules was told that he was to clean out those



said stables ; says he “ I wish you may get it done, that I do. There’s thirty years manure there, and there are whole hecatombs of oxen constantly adding to the heap ; what fools you must be to allow the filth thus to accumulate.” So with that down he sits, upon his lion’s skin, and he handles his favorite club, and after contemplating it for some time, says he, “ now you can’t help me in this matter that’s clear, though you did me good service in that little affair with the Lion and the Hydra the other day ; however, it’s of no use sitting here.” In getting up he chances to cast his eye upon the river which ran hard by the very spot where he had been resting. “ Well now is’nt that mighty convenient,” says he, —as a bright thought shoots across his mind ; down goes his club, he catches up a spade and a pick-axe, and in the course of an hour he has cut a channel from the stable door to the river’s brink. Now the stable, I must here inform you, was like most of the foreign stables, *i. e.* it was one long range of building, with a door at each end ; nothing could be more apropos, so after having opened both the doors, Hercules exclaims, as he makes the last dig at the river’s bank—“ Here goes.” First the water begins to trickle in a small stream, presently part of the bank washes down, the stream widens, and Hercules helps it, and the upshot of the whole matter is just this, that when the stable-men came in the morning to have a good laugh at Hercules, and

ask him if he wanted a new spade or a shovel, they find nothing for a spade to do. Every ox in the stalls is bellowing with delight, and Hercules grins at the natives and says, "there, my boys, I've taught you the trick, and it's your own fault if ever the place gets into such an abominable mess again."

The social edifice is in a much worse state than the Augean stables were; we have allowed the corruption of human nature to accumulate to such a degree, that the very foundations are rotten, and the plague spot is upon every wall. Now Hercules, when he washed away the heap of manure, did not *destroy* that manure, it still existed somewhere; but he removed it from the situation where it was most hurtful, and dissipated it altogether; he told the stable-men then, that they might either allow it to amass again, or they might adopt the easy alternative of giving the place a good swilling every Saturday or Monday, besides using the besom and the shovel two or three times a day. Just so is it with us; a decisive step is first required to remove the enormous mass of human corruption which threatens to poison us all, and that being effected, to watch its production, and remove it as produced. To effect this, as the present edifice is not only decayed, though still externally a grand object for a superficial view, but most inconveniently narrow and crowded, the Phalansterian and the Philan-

thropist, say, "we will first build you some new stables, and then clear out the old ones; we will destroy every ostensible incentive to crime, and we will treat the natural corruption of the human heart just as we do manure, *i. e.* remove its effects as they appear, instead of allowing them to accumulate until they have not only grown into a mountain, but heated and fermented until the mountain has become a volcano, which threatens destruction and annihilation to the entire fabric.

Our situation then is like that of our friend Hercules; "but," says Society, "where is the river?" "Turn round, if you please, and you will see you are sitting with your back to it." You have the river of superabundant wealth, you acknowledge that you do not know what use to make of it; then take our advice, turn the stream against the corruption of human nature, build a new range or two of stables, and keep them clean when they are built. Build a Phalanstery, and you will find plenty of inhabitants; none but rogues and thieves would refuse your offer, and when upon the removal of the dunghill, they were brought to the full light of day, we calculate, that like the grovelling earth-worm and the sexton-beetle, they would find it high time to be off in search of another dunghill. And if you are wise enough to keep on destroying, and scattering heap after heap, the chances are that the race must disappear altogether; for be it always remem-

bered, that though they will inhabit those heaps of manure if you place them in their way, they have neither the means or the power of raising them by their own unaided efforts.

Here the old state maxim is thrown in our teeth, that if you collect people in large masses, you inevitably produce an enormously great increase of crime, and we are told to look at our town population for an evidence in support of the assertion. We have often been astounded to hear men, who were sensible enough on other subjects, and whose opinion was really valuable, give utterance to such futile arguments as this. You allow and encourage fornication, blasphemy, drunkenness, and every species of crime, mentionable or unmentionable, to exist in your towns and villages; and you say, if we huddle people together in any large establishment, the same crimes will be going on from morning till night there, that now pollute our towns. In reply to this, will you candidly tell us which is the more likely to promote crime of the two following examplars :—You have a cottage on your estate, it contains three rooms, one below, two above stairs; the inhabitants of that cottage are a father and a mother, two sons about the ages of twenty-three and seventeen, three daughters of from eighteen to twenty years of age; it is clear that the latter must either sleep in the same room with their brothers, or with their father and mother, or they must sleep

on the floor of the house place ; at least some of them must. But there are only two beds in the cottage, and winter nights are cold, and blankets hard to be obtained. I will not dwell upon so distressing a topic—merely adding, that this is your provision for the morals of society, and the alternative you offer is the beer-shop.

The next exemplar is this:—You shall build a mansion, if you please, for yourself to live in, and as a matter of fancy, you shall choose that your cottager and his family shall live under the same roof, if *they* please to do so ; and your mode of providing for such an arrangement is this,—the father and mother shall have a sitting-room and a bed-room to themselves on one floor ; their daughters shall have a bed-room on the floor above, and the sons shall be accommodated with another room in a separate wing of your house. Moreover, you shall encourage your young people to obey the commands of their Maker, and follow the dictates of Nature by marrying, assuring them that there is a separate suite of apartments ready for their occupation, nurseries for their children, and a hospital for them in case of sickness. You answer as a friend did to us the other day, “ I don’t care what you do, the corruption of human nature will break out in spite of you.” Our reply was, “ Did we ever say it would not ? ” but this we will affirm, and in our conscience we believe it to be religiously true, that if young

people were permitted to marry in early life, and to live with the object of their earliest affections, fornication would be a crime of comparatively rare occurrence. If you chose to place improper objects in their way, the fault would be yours, not theirs ; but if your choice of their companions were judicious and suitable, this could not occur. Again, in this house of yours they would have no beer-shop or gin-palace to resort to, no such thing could exist ; the temptation removed, the wish for it would die a natural death, or be superseded by other more useful desires ; every individual would be employed, and a drone finding himself only in the way, would soon conclude that a Phalanstery was no place for him, and would therefore either change his habits, or take himself off at once.

Now tell us whether of these two systems is the more likely, not to do away with the corruption of the human heart mind you, but to repress the rising of evil passions, and substitute the clear stream of truth, sobriety, and happiness, for the mud and filth with which your cottage now reeks so pestilentially, however fair and picturesque may be its external appearance ? The "Results" of this latter plan are too promising to be neglected ; those of the former too mournfully conspicuous to need further elucidation here. Conclude we therefore our "Summary of Results" with these observations ; and let us pass on to the second division of our subject.



## PART II.

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### CHAP. I.

#### SERVANTS.

ON looking over our list of subjects we find that of "Servants" takes the lead in the second division, and though it is one we would fain skip, its importance is too great to be neglected. In our former volume we touched upon the condition of the female portion of this class of the community,—let us now glance at that of the other sex. We are told that Servants are the greatest plagues upon earth; of course we presume "earth," here signifies Great Britain and her dependencies; and certainly when we take a survey of the tricks and antics of our men-servants, the metropolitan portion of the race in particular, we are inclined to believe that our information has some degree of truth for its basis. There is a variety of the genus Tiger in London, who are hired by their masters for the season, in preference to bringing up their own servants to town for fear of corruption; the delineation I have



heard given of their nature is as follows:—"A sort of fellow who is up to *snuff*, or anything else; who cannot by any possibility possess a soul, and therefore has none to save; his duty is to take care of your horse and cab, and drive you, or be driven by you, as the case may be, to old Nick, or any where else you may please to drive, or be driven; he must know London well, and a wink must be as intelligible to him as a hand-bill; he must be ready to go through fire and water to please you, and possess the enviable faculty of being able to sit up all night, and work hard all day; he must keep his tongue still, and his ears open; by no possible chance is he to venture among your own servants, for a soulless being, though very useful *in* his way, is a very dangerous person *out* of it. He is to be more intimately acquainted with your habits, occupations, amusements, &c. &c., than any other human being, and at the end of the "season" he must receive his wages, put off his livery, touch his hat, and make himself scarce; that is to say, betake himself to the usual haunts of tigers and soulless animals, to wit, a livery stables." This is one species of the genus Servant.

In the distance we see a very conspicuous specimen of the race waiting for his turn to be described: now mark him well, for *out* of London you will see nothing like him, and where the creature was "raised" we believe nobody knows. He is a tall

handsome fellow, remarkably well proportioned, and seems to have somewhat of the carriage-horse nature in his composition, for you generally meet with this species in pairs ; with this difference, however, that whereas the carriage-horse is always placed in front of the vehicle, these beings invariably stand behind it, or on each side of the door, when on duty. Now to the best of our recollection, we never saw one individual of this peculiar species out of London or Paris, and how to describe them we are at a total loss ; they are as tall and as well-made as a life-guardsman, but there the resemblance ceases. Neither can you by possibility mistake them for any thing but what they are, and one is almost tempted to say of them, as a lady is reported to have said of the Newmarket jockies on her first visit to that celebrated locality, “that Nature must have *made* them expressly for the post they occupy, and the post for them ;” adding, “that it was impossible to walk through Newmarket, and not be struck with the obvious intention of ‘Nature,’ that horse-racing should exist there, when you saw how evidently the diminutive race of beings which inhabit the place were intentionally created for the saddle, and the saddle for them !” So one may say of the London footmen, they are a distinct race, and where they come from, or where they eventually depart to, is we believe as yet a fact entirely enveloped in mystery. No men on the

face of the globe are more universally found fault with, and none are more indispensable to Society ; she cannot exist without them, at least so she says, and yet she will tell you in the same breath, that "they are the greatest plagues under the sun." They know all this, they act upon the knowledge they obtain, and the effect of their education is quite equal to any thing we have a right to expect from it. Morals they are not expected to have, the idea would be absurd ; and they too, like the Tigers who have just left us, had better not possess any souls, for their own sakes and the convenience of their employers. A faithful history of a London Footman's life, would indeed be a "queer book ;" but unlike that of the Ettrick shepherd, James Hogg. We fear the perusal would be anything but satisfactory.

The Coachman here steps in and enquires why he has been kept so long waiting ; so "tell the Footman to wait, and we will send him his orders presently." "Walk in Coachman ;" in he comes, smooths down his hair on entering, and now listen to what he says : "Ax yer pardon, sir, but it's custom-ary when the servants is sent for to let the Coachman have the 'first turn.'" "You are quite right, my friend, and we have to apologize for the mistake ; however we will not detain you long, as few of us are there who are not more or less indebted to your services." Well then, here stands

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a man who has your life in his hands, or his horses have, which is pretty much the same thing; separate the two, and one race must "cease to be." It is really marvellous to see what the fellow gets through in the course of the day and night; Howell and James's, Swan and Edgar, the city, the parks, the theatres, "The House," routs, balls, parliamentary dinners, are all to be thought of; to say nothing of "little odd jobs," too numerous to particularize. His carriage and horses must on all occasions be turned out in the most undeniable style; he must drive to a hair's-breadth or split it sometimes if he can; he may drink as much brandy, ale, or gin as he pleases, but as to being in the slightest degree intoxicated, who ever caught him so? Though he can neither read or write, he must carry a map of London in his head, and know the name of every street; and, in fine, as you permit him to possess a certain degree of "soul," he evinces the length and breadth thereof by marrying the cook, and "settling in life," as the landlord of a public-house; this being the haven, or the heaven according to his notions, which is the summit of his ambition.

We will not enumerate more of the many curious species of domestics which Society has called into being, but advance to analyze the effect produced in the social system by these "greatest plagues upon earth." Should you be a person of retired

habits, and not particularly partial to the amusement of always watching others, or of being watched yourself, you would be just as agreeably surprised by the entrance of an elephant, a crocodile, a rhinoceros, or some small trifle of that nature, into your study, as a Tiger of the species we have been describing, or either of the soulless beings who have followed in his wake ; and yet they are your fellow-creatures, of the same substance, nature and material as the dearest friend you have. Society has made them what they are ; if they *have* no souls, she has destroyed them, for they did exist at some period or other ; most probably when in the cradle a mother's beaming eye fell tearfully on the offspring of her love, her first-born, perchance her only child ; unable to support the boy herself she has entrusted him to "Society," with many a sigh and deep misgiving has she sent him forth to the world society has created ; and now we see how admirably Society has fulfilled her trust. "What ingratitude," you exclaim, "have we not fed him, clothed him, pampered him, made him the sharer of our pleasures, our amusements, nay, our very vices ?" We thank thee for the word Society ! the last in your catalogue of Benefits conferred upon the "soulless race ;" you never spoke a truer, you *have* done all this, aye, and much, infinitely more, and the day will come when, unless you employ every energy and mental faculty you are endowed with ; unless

you pause and consider what reparation you can make, and having decided upon the means to be used, if you do not make any sacrifice the urgency of the case demands, a reckoning will be laid at your door, which will cause you to envy the meanest soulless reptile that ever crept upon the surface of this material world. Misunderstand us not, we are not addressing individuals; we aim not in particular at the rich, the noble, or the gifted of the land; we appeal to Society at large, and we ask Society whether the Phalansterian principle is not more likely to remove this foul blot from our national character, than any system which has yet been submitted to its investigation? The life our servants are compelled to live in the metropolis would corrupt an angel's nature, were it exposed for any length of time to the baneful process, and while we search vainly and fruitlessly for the causes of the vast mass of corruption which obstructs our path, the main incentives and exciting origin of the whole are at our very threshold. You complain that the leprosy is eating into your vitals, and yet if one dares to point at the healing waters, wherein you may wash and be cleansed from that leprosy, you "turn away in a rage," and scorn the simplicity of the idea.

Again, we will point at the advantage which Society has already received during the brief period of their twelve years existence, from the develop-

ment of the associative principle, as exhibited by the servants in the different departments of the railway establishments. Even now do we perceive a race of intelligent, active beings, a progressively-advancing body of men gradually superseding the unenlightened community, which formerly thronged our inn-yards and travelling hostelries. We greedily avail ourselves of the advantage, but fail to acknowledge the obligation, though they set us an example worthy of our imitation; that example affords us ample encouragement still further to develop the principle; the reward for such an effort, if effort it be, would be higher and still more valuable discoveries—most valuable to ourselves, and an inestimable boon to those poor “soulless” beings, whom we now regard as the greatest plagues upon earth.”

Tell us not that there are evils in society, which must and will exist as long as society itself remains, and that there are some topics which it is best to avoid. There is not an evil in society which is not clearly traceable to the misgovernment and heedlessness of its members. The Almighty is the Author of good; He never created evil, but man did,—the effect of that malady will never be erased until time itself shall be no more: but though not eradicated, it may be repressed, subdued, and the influence rendered negative. Up then and to the task, manfully acknowledge the error, and co-

operatively unite for its subjugation ; the triumph will then be yours and a glorious triumph will it be, a victory of the spirits of justice, honour, probity, and benevolence ; attributes worthy of the ambition of a nation of true Christians, over those of pride, fatalism, and a blind adherence to established custom.

You ask us why we say not a word to the individuals or the class whose cause we plead ; with shame do we confess that the overwhelming magnitude of the amount of reparation which we owe to them, leaves us without a syllable to utter ; true, by their misconduct we are the sufferers, but what have we done to lessen the evil of which we now complain ? “Soulless” beings they may be, but if so, by Society have they been robbed of their souls, and at the hand of Society will those souls be required.



## CHAP. II.

### LANDLORDS.

IF the subject we have just dismissed be a difficult matter to handle with credit or propriety, that which we now enter upon is doubly hazardous, and we need the protection of an Insurance Company for the especial occasion appointed, to secure us from damage either of character or reputation, a cracked head or broken bones, before we venture to discuss so grave a topic as the law of reciprocity betwixt Landlord and Tenant; and *vice versa*, and how to get through the task, without catching a cuff on one side, and a kick on the other, and an earnest exhortation from both, "to be off and mind our own business, and take that or the other with us," and "to be peculiarly particular how we meddle with what doesn't concern us, in future,"—does, we honestly acknowledge, almost exceed the boundary line of our very limited capacity. A cuff from a Landlord is no joke, and a kick from a Tenant, if heartily administered on the "western-end," as Sam Slick denominates the seat of honour, or the "latter end," according to Mrs. Strutt, is still less of a laughable matter; the only receipt one can give for such favors being divers long faces, and very uncomfortable shrugs of the shoulders, besides

a certain kind of humiliating after-feeling, which will be understood immediately by any individual whose good judgment and kind feeling may have misled him to interfere between a husband and wife—whom he perchance may have found, the one endeavouring to crack his wife's ribs, and the lady doing her best, or rather her worst, to scratch her husband's eyes out,—such a person will at once sympathize with our misgivings at the present moment. An unfortunate wight of this kind would, we conjecture, were he now at our side, use every entreaty to persuade us at once to relinquish the subject, and tell horrible tales of men who have thrust their heads into lion's mouths, or sat down upon a boa constrictor mistaking it for the trunk of a tree, or gone to sea on a venture, and got shipwrecked for their trouble; in fine, we believe he would employ every argument he was master of, short of absolute force, to induce us to give up the almost hopeless task of making head or tail of our present undertaking; but as is our usual custom, previous to fleeing from a phantom or chimera, we will try the effect of looking it steadily in the face, eyeing it down as it were, and it is astonishing to observe what an effectual method this is on most occasions of the kind.

Sir Walter Scott, in his history of Demonology and Witchcraft, relates a story of a gentleman, who on entering the hall of his mansion in the dusk of

the evening, perceived at the opposite end the resemblance of a friend (we think it was Lord Byron) sitting in a chair. Now the gentleman was morally certain that he had laid his own coat or cloak in that very chair but a few minutes previously; he was startled at first as any one would be, as he knew Lord Byron at the time was in Greece — nevertheless he paused to survey the apparition attentively, and the more he looked the stronger grew the illusion, and he felt convinced of the reality of the person; addressing him therefore by name, he walked steadily up to the chair; as he advanced the figure gradually faded away, and on reaching the chair there lay his own coat or cloak and nothing more. Thus it is with us at this present moment, we have conjured up an ideal scene of landlords given to cuffing, and tenants skilled in the art of kicking; of husbands trying to crack their wives' ribs, of wives endeavouring to scratch their husbands' eyes out; of the poor unfortunate wight who happens to come between the two last mentioned parties; and of ourselves, as being in a tolerably fair way to be victimized by the two former.

When we were last in London we went to see the much-talked off "Dissolving Views," and it strikes us that this picture possesses somewhat of their nature, or of the phantom mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, therefore don't be afraid, but follow us and keep your eyes steadily fixed while walking up

to the picture or phantom. Now what do you perceive? gradually the wife's rib-cracking husband, 'and eye-destroying wife, separate and sink into aerial nothingness; as they recede, the luckless go-between fades in the dim distance and is lost to our view. The landlords, who with right arm extended appeared to our timid imagination at a distance to be prepared to bestow a hearty cuff on us at our approach, are holding out those hands to welcome us; the tenantry whose right foot being raised, did to our confused notion seem kickingly inclined, were only taking the first step to meet and greet us, and instead of being surrounded with pugnacious enemies, ready to crush and to devour us, here stand we in the midst of staunch, noble, warm-hearted friends and allies, holding out the right hand of fellowship, and ready to aid us in every undertaking which may conduce to the benefit of their fellow-creatures, the welfare of their country, and the glory of their Maker. Right heartily do we return your welcome, fair sirs; had we turned our backs upon and fled from your goodly array when first observed, we might well have merited the cuffs and kicks our heated imaginations pourtrayed; but we thought we knew you better, and right glad are we to find our surmise correct; it is to you we look as the main prop and stay of the Phalanx we propose to form. Christian benevolence is the foundation-stone of our mansion;

and the basis of that foundation is the land you own and till, therefore we have summoned you to aid us in the work, and entreat you will give us a fair hearing, and take in good part that which we now address to you both.

One of the first principles of the Phalanx is that every class in society should be producers as well as consumers; in your case now as society is constituted, the tenant is both producer and consumer, and the landlord (*i. e.* the *agrarian* landlord, with whom we have now especially to do) is intrinsically a consumer, but he is *not* a producer in society. There is some fault here therefore, and it is clear that the land which supports both these classes must in time show evident symptoms of wear and tear, from being exposed to the attacks of two consumers, and having refreshment only from one producer, and that the one of the lesser powers of production. Says the landlord in reply to this, as every "fine old English gentleman," if he be *thorough-bred* will do, *i. e.* confesses his fault at once when he perceives it. "You're right," says he, "I never viewed the matter in this light before: let's sit down and discuss the business. Let me see, my land brings me in £30,000 per annum, and I've a trifle in the funds; I pass some three months of the year at my family-seat; four, five, or six in attendance upon parliamentary business, and two abroad or at the sea-side. My expences when at

home may amount to £5000, and my tenants and tradespeople have the benefit of *that*; their profit upon it may possibly be some 20 per cent, which comes to £1000. I believe you're right after all, upon my word, though I never thought of it before. Here am I receiving £30,000 annually from my land, and giving it in return £1000; egad, I don't know whether it isn't something like robbing a hive of the honey, and giving the bees a mouthful of sugar and water or stale beer as a compensation, for the winter. But then there's the State you know, and *that* must be supported; and if the great men at our head will require us to spend six months in London, what *can* we do? besides what's to become of London if it wasn't for us? I confess I don't see my way very clearly, but I'm not above taking a hint for all that."

"We thank you most courteously for this candid, honorable, and manly concession, and in reply beg most respectfully to suggest, that you will take some such plan under your consideration as that proposed in a chapter of our former volume; that you appoint a son of your own, or at all events a near relative of *your* family, as your representative over the establishment; that you give him the 20 per cent before spoken of, *i. e.* £1000 per annum, making him your land-steward, and the steward of your household; and as we have shown that your land shall, under the Phalansterian me-

thod, produce 10s. per acre more than it now does, you will be pleased to take into consideration, whether the surplus which will raise your rental from £30,000 to £45,000 may not be exclusively appropriated and laid out upon the land, and among the tenantry by whom and from which it is produced; thus leaving you at full liberty to follow your usual avocations, and to benefit such of your metropolitan dependents as look to you for support."

We are not greedy, we do not wish for "all or nothing." Did you spend the whole of your £30,000 on your family estate it would be something like feeding a man upon nothing but bride-cake and plum-pudding, and washing it down perpetually with oceans of champagne and claret. The consequence of which would be, that he would be any thing but grateful for your kindness, or thriving under the treatment. But under some such plan as that we have ventured to suggest, you would most successfully have taken your turn at the labour of producing, and have furnished an example for the imitation of others which, you may depend upon it, they would not be slow to copy.

With every sentiment of respect and friendship for the Agrarian Landlord, we now take our leave of him for the present; and with permission we will now presume to offer a hint or two "to the honorable gentlemen on the other side of the House," the owner of house-property. Many of you possess,

in addition to this species of wealth, large estates unencumbered with houses, and we have often in our musing hours thought, that the high-rents which are derivable from houses might furnish us with a few ideas that could, if properly managed, be made available for some useful end. You have houses in London which bring you in a clear income of 5, 6, and £700 per year. You have estates in Scotland and Ireland, which for the same outlay which has been expended upon your London house would, under discreet and judicious management, produce you as many thousands annually, as your town-house produces hundreds of pounds. Land in either of these two just-named countries may be purchased for a mere trifle; the most splendid scenery is deserted, and left for the beasts of the field to inhabit. Scotland, bonny Scotland, the land of the brave, the fair—Scotland, our beautiful sister, whose portrait has so inimitably been painted by Sir Walter Scott, and which picture is to be found in every town and village of our realm, is, if the tide of emigration continues, in danger of being deserted by her children; and, with the exception of two or three oases in the midst of the general desert, left to prove what she might have been, had those whom she fostered and brought up but repaid her care and love,—be left a vast wilderness,—a widow without one to comfort her. The climate is the grand objection, the po-



verty of the soil the next. In answer to these we reply, look at Taymouth Castle; go to Blair Atholl, to Inverary, is the climate insuperable or unendurable there, is the soil destitute of all amelioration? Hundreds of spots may be found quite equal to these in point of every advantage, which are now vast uncultivated districts; then why, ye large capitalists, whose pleasure it is to invest your cash in land, in houses, why not turn your attention to this point, which is capable of being made the source of incalculable profit?

“But how,” says the Duke of —, starting up from his seat, and thus putting an end to our, it must be confessed, rather irregular and rambling digression,—“How in the name of patience am I to make as much money of my Irish and Scotch moors, as I now do of my London streets, squares, and houses? I wish you Phalansterians would only point the way, I would soon adopt it; the only use I find the land to be of, is to let for the shooting; as for the rent, what with the agents, and climate, and one thing or another, that all goes to Hanover or Jericho for what I know; all I know of the matter is that I never see it; what would you have us do in a case of this kind?” With your Grace’s leave, we will take the liberty to suggest one measure, which might be eventually attended with benefit to yourself and your tenantry. You state that you have large estates which pro-

duce nothing save a trifle in the shooting season, a minimum which your Grace's keepers and shooting establishment swallow as a whale would a herring or a sprat, *i. e.* without being aware of the circumstance. Now we will suppose that your Grace shall render one of the deserted mansions or castles on your estate habitable, and that instead of setting down a shepherd here or a keeper there, and giving them a shanty to live in, and telling them to get potatoes and oats wherever such vegetables will grow, and to obtain whiskey *ad libitum*, you proceed to build a new castle, or repair the old one as aforesaid; and that being done, you collect as many of the human beings as are within a reasonable distance into this dwelling; and as the situation possesses every natural advantage which your friend over the way at Taymouth can boast of, why you have not much to fear on that score. This being set about, you have time to turn your attention to cultivation, planting, &c., and in the course of a very short time you find yourself in possession of a mansion, with all the usual *et ceteras* of gardens, &c., and the climate ceases to form a topic of conversation. "But where is the *profit* to come from?" say you; "I've got the manse or the castle, *i. e.* I've got the hive but no bees, or only two or three, as it were." Your Grace probably may be aware that as population has increased, and that as old proverbs are generally true, there is one which

says, "Many men, many minds;" amongst the population, there are many, very many persons, who with small incomes and retired habits, disappointed expectations, and a thoughtful brow, who would willingly exchange for a time at least, the glare, the noise, the kicks and cuffs of the world, for the sublime delight and the profound stillness of those glorious mountain regions of yours. Their incomes are abundantly sufficient for the demands in that country, but in their own they furnish little more than enough to prevent the entrance of the bailiff or the turnkey. These men would gladly tenant your mansion; two rooms would produce £10 or £20 per annum; all might be occupied upon the estate in some way or other as producers, and your beautiful though neglected land might once more be made to blossom as the rose, and rising from her now cold and dreary way-side dwelling, again resume her legitimate place among the kings and queens of nations. Thus will you have obtained a clear profit from a source hitherto looked upon as useless; your moors will become more valuable, as a residence worth placing a rent upon, would be furnished for the accommodation of your friends; your small tenantry would pay a rent for the apartments they occupied in the establishment, and you would have the great satisfaction of finding, that not only were your own finances improving, but that you had gladdened the heart of many a fellow-

creature, who formerly was not only a consumer in society, but one of the consumed; but who now, with the aid of your Grace's powerful arm, is raised to the rank of a producer.

With every apology for thus intruding our opinion, we leave the subject to your Grace to reflect upon, and turn to our friends on the cross benches,\* viz. the landlords, or owners of manufacturing property. "Gentlemen—It has many times been the subject of marvel to us, that you who are rolling in wealth, and literally groaning under the weight thereof, paying a most exorbitant price for everything you eat, drink, or sleep upon, should never have turned your attention to your long-neglected relative, Ireland, twin-sister to fair Scotia, and owning allegiance to the same parent,—a land of which it may literally be said, "whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."

\* A most extraordinary phenomenon is here presented to our view, though we have "a full House," and every bench is occupied, not a member of the Opposition is to be observed; the tellers have faithfully performed their office, and inform us, that every member of both Houses, or their proxies, are "in their places," but like us they are unable to account for the absence of the "Opposition," and the only rationale they can suggest is, that they are all "gone over to the other side;" but finding all sides occupied, they have unanimously "resolved both Houses into a committee," a thing unheard of in the annals of modern parliaments. Who can withstand the united efforts of such a Phalanx as this?

Now what, may we ask, does it matter to you what the climate is in regard to the occupations of your dependants? the work of all of them, or nearly all, is performed under cover, therefore barring the descent of cats and dogs, which would be rather detrimental to the welfare of sky-lights, in lieu of drops of rain or hail, it has, I repeat, often been a matter of mysterious reflection with us, why a manufactory should not flourish at the foot of an iron or a copper mountain in Ireland, quite as prosperously as in any of those filthy dens, yclept provincial towns, in England; those foul excrescences or pimples on the face of the mother-country, which disfigure her fair countenance just as much as the small-pox, the measles, scarlet-fever, or any other of this class of evils, do the human visage of any of her children. Material for all you can possibly require for your undertakings, is at hand; labour is cheap, coals are to be had for the digging, iron, copper, lead and silver abound; timber is as obtainable as in England, food much more so; the same machine which makes your bricks, will convert the peat of the morass into fuel, which threatens to rival the coal procured under ground. Every thing in nature which is requisite for your occupation is to be had in abundance, and yet there you stand, and there stand your operatives, staring, idling, ruining both soul and body here and hereafter, while a mine of wealth is waiting for you to

make use of, compared to which many of the *attempts* you now make are a mere toy. You send or drive your best workmen and mechanics to the Continent, to Australia, and America, when you would act much more wisely if you would encourage the immigration of the same class of foreigners here; while all the time you have not a hand to spare; and thus you are actually giving away your best capital to other countries, who will turn every farthing of it against yourselves, merely because you choose to think, that you don't know how to make such a profit of that capital as happens just to suit your notions. But, gentlemen, you will perhaps say to me 'who would settle in Ireland, if there was another spot of land in the whole ocean unoccupied? Who would live among such a blood-thirsty set of half savages, as now dwell in many parts of that benighted country?' These are forcible reasons, our masters, we grant, powerful enough to damp the ardour of an adventurer; but may we be permitted to enquire from what source your information, as to the savage, blood-thirsty habits of our western brethren is derived? From the newspapers to be sure—how can you ask such a question? Simply because we imagined that to be the fountain-head of your intelligence. We can also furnish some information relative to the same subject. We have friends who are in the yearly habit of passing the summer in Ireland, nay some who

reside there, and are of course intimately acquainted with the habits, tastes, and dispositions of the aforesaid savages. As you have favored us with your opinion of their propensities, we may perhaps be allowed to state the result of our observations, culled principally from report it is true, but from unquestionable and unprejudiced authority. Pat's character is this, naturally ardent, fond of pleasure and amusement, easily pleased, warm-hearted, careless about externals, an admirer of improvement when he sees it, credulous, and consequently often imposed upon; the love of his country is a distinguishing feature in his character, rouse that sensation, and there is nothing he will not do to evince it; he knows his country to be valuable—how precious neither he or you have yet developed. He has no capital wherewith to effect this; so little accustomed is he to be cared for, that any one who would really and in earnest set to work to open his eyes on this subject, would very shortly appear to him almost super-human, for he is naturally superstitious. You have capital, and as he alone can do nothing to call the native riches of his country into active existence; why do you not offer your assistance, to one who would so ardently second your exertions in the good cause, seems to our short-sighted comprehension little short of infatuation. With respect to the newspaper reports, it is our firm belief that we hear more of the tragedies which

are said to occur in Ireland, than the natives do themselves; that murders occur is indubitable, so do they in England, and to our shame be it spoken, murders of the most diabolical atrocious kind, equal in enormity to any thing of the kind you will ever meet with in Ireland; though the arch-fiend of sedition is doing his utmost to excite every evil passion of the Irish nature, backed by the priesthood into the bargain;—hitherto we have done *nothing* for Ireland. She has furnished her best blood in her country's defence, she has furnished riches in abundance to enable us to defend our own possessions, and a poor return have we made to her for the boon; she has been the producer, we the consumers, though for her there has been no producer; it is now in our power to aid her, still we hesitate; Nature, the advance of science, of machinery, every thing steps forward to assist us in the undertaking; her mines we know teem with wealth; her position in the ocean is as favorable as our own for the disposal of her manufactures and her metals; still, sooner than extend a hand to raise our sister from the earth, we suffer her to remain in darkness, poverty, and ignorance; to be the prey of her children who are beggars, while we look tamely on, amuse ourselves with the vagaries and native wit of these members of our family, and make a proverb and a by-word of that very country whose aid we are the first to solicit when danger threatens us.



“To you then, Gentlemen, on the cross benches of the ‘House,’ we have so long held possession of, we earnestly commend the task of Phalansterianizing (rather a long word and not in Johnson or Ainsworth,) Ireland; if you must banish your best workmen and your machinery, take it there; shew the Irish the capabilities of their island, and take the word of a hearty well-wisher both of theirs and yours, as a guarantee that your labour will not prove in vain.

“Mr. Speaker, sir, we have to apologize for having so long trespassed upon the patience and attention of the ‘House,’ and beg to conclude by moving ‘that the House do now adjourn.’”

## CHAP. III.

### TENANTS.

UPON the “rising of the House,” we found that the somewhat numerous deputation of our friends the Tenantry who accompanied their Landlords on our first meeting, perceiving that the debate was likely to be rather protracted, had withdrawn from the galleries, and gone in search of some more substantial refreshments than our lucubrations afforded them ; a few however who were curious to see what turn affairs would take, waited for us, and, joining us at our exit from the present place of assemblage, soon brought us to where the remainder were congregated ; our explanation within the walls of the other House having proved satisfactory to those who staid to watch our proceedings. After a warm greeting, we were requested to state our opinions with especial regard to the gentlemen with whom we were then immediately surrounded ; something to the following purport therefore was the commencement of this part of our duty. In addressing you, gentlemen, and beginning with those of your deputation who are specially interested in the care and culture of the land we live in, and which we take to be the “holding ground” whereon the vessel is

to be anchored, without which our anchors would be of no use or service whatsoever, we at this stage of our business particularly point the observations we are about to make, to you ; and as we are venturing on what we believe to be hitherto untrodden ground, about the bearings and anchorage of which we are not quite certain, we request your attention, hoping that you will kindly point out our error if we approach any dangerous quicksands or shoals, towards which our zeal may unintentionally hurry us, and aid us in "wearing" in time, to avail ourselves of the fair breeze of your wisdom and experience.

Having passed a considerable portion of our life in constant and friendly intercourse with gentlemen of your station in society, we may be supposed as lookers-on to have seen a good deal of the game of farming, an amusement worthy of an Englishman, albeit somewhat of an anxious tendency ; we have played at the game ourselves, and though we have heard of "regular systems," "beautiful theories," the "rotation of crops," and the superiority of one description of cattle in contradistinction to others ; yet we honestly confess, that as in our small experience we have met with facts which so completely irregularized the regular system, so entirely overset the best and most complicated theories, so thoroughly proved the futility of any rotation of crop, and so puzzled us as to what really were the *best* description of cattle ; that we seriously began

to ask ourselves whether Arthur Young was not "royally fresh" when he wrote his works on Husbandry, or only joking with us farmers for his own especial amusement. One train of thought naturally led to a second, and the second to a third, and so on.

We have seen farms which proved a fortune to one man during his lifetime, ruin his two successors one after the other, and we have stood aghast, thinking the land bewitched; but hesitating to decide from the fate of isolated portions of the land, or the community, we have taken a general survey, a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole farming community, and their system; and we hesitate not to say, that such a survey is by no means favorable to either. In stating this, we are aware that we incur the risk of an angry visitation from the ghost of Arthur Young, and the worthies of his age; but as you know our custom is to stare such apparitions full in the face, and walk straight up to them, when they invariably vanish, we will adopt the plan if either he or they interfere with us now; therefore you need not turn your heads over your shoulders, as we perceive some of you are already doing, to see if there is any thing behind you; but let us proceed in our investigation of the matter immediately under discussion. Viewing therefore the agricultural portion of society as a body, we affirm that we do not find them in the ascendant, as the astronomers say,

so much as we could wish, or as the nature of their profession would lead us to expect; of late years in particular has this been the case. Those who to their farms have added some other mode of livelihood, as the malting business, a tavern, or a brewery, or something of that description, appear in a thriving condition; but the majority of those of you, whose sole maintenance is derived from the land, and that exclusively, do not seem to us either to do justice to their office, or their land to them. A cause *must* exist, and on looking around we see chemistry on one hand doing her best to assist you, seasons favorable to an almost unparalleled degree, your landlords reducing their rents on all sides, and returning you a per centage into the bargain, and yet in spite of every prop, you are decidedly as a body sliding down the hill, and taking two slips backwards to one step in advance; nevertheless you work hard, and rise early; you live principally upon bacon and cheese, indigestible provender at the best; though all very well as a relish, particularly when beans and peas are in their youth, perhaps this may have something to do with it. And you now and then, once or twice a day, get a glass or two of good strong ale; excellent tippie, but horrible stuff for clouding the intellectual part of the man—there is no question about it,—we are half inclined to lay more mischief to the door of this same English beverage than most folks are aware

of; and we will tell you why,—a man goes to work in the morning; we will say at eleven o'clock or thereabouts he takes a pull at the beer-bottle—sad swipes this in general, but a farmer's stomach is not in general over-nice; he goes home to his dinner at one, hungry enough, down go the bacon and cheese, and another draught of beer; at four o'clock beer again, and a bite of bread and cheese; at six a cup of tea or two with his wife, and then there's the milking to do, after that a pipe and the homestead to be attended to, the horses to be fothered, and the pigs to be looked at; at eight supper, with a glass of the aforesaid ale, another pipe and to bed. The next day a repetition of its predecessor, and a man who has undergone the process when he first gets up in the morning, is fit for little else than doing just that which he has learned almost by instinct to do; as for thinking of any thing beyond the mechanical operations of the farm he holds, it is next to an utter impossibility that he should do so; for what with the cows, the horses, the pigs, the sheep, the ploughs, the harrows, the waggons, and carts, the turnips, the hay, the corn, the wife, the children, the servants, the agent, the landlord, and the rent,—to say nothing of hedges and ditches, vestry-meetings and poor-rates,—the poor fellow has so many irons in the fire, and all calling for his attention at one and the same time, that it really is next to a miracle

how he can find time to attend to any of them, let alone all.

Pondering then upon these matters, and scheming how we could best provide for the well-being of this most industrious and productive class of society in the event of our Phalansterian notions of Association ever coming into vogue, it has occurred to us that if a systematic division of labour, similar in nature to that adopted by our manufacturers, was substituted for the present heterogeneous and uncertain plan were adopted, much good would accrue to the tenantry themselves, to the community at large, and to the landlords individually.\* To render our meaning more intelligible, we will suppose a landlord in possession of a property of some 2 or 3000 acres of land, which are now rented by ten or a dozen principal tenants, each and all of whom have now to attend to the multifarious occu-

\* "It is by the division of labour—the labour both of planning and executing—into sections, and thus making every man devote his whole energy to one pursuit in full confidence, that the demand of others for what he produces in that pursuit will enable him to obtain all that he requires of the results of the labours of others : it is this which is the grand secret of rapid improvement, and the real union of the people in the mutual promotion of the interests of each other, and the general advantage of the whole, in spite of their verbal disputes upon points in which they have very little personal interest."—*Companion to Gilbert's New Map of England and Wales*, by R. Mudie, Esq.

pations we have described, most of them given to bacon, cheese, and beer, perhaps to swearing now and then — no wonder, for we think they have almost enough to tempt an angel to swear, to induce them to be so rash. Now if the Phalanx were built, it seems to us that a very manifest advantage would be gained, were they to be allotted somewhat after the following manner, we do not say *precisely*, for experience only could decide the matter; but for the mere sake of argument, we will appoint one of our tenants to the sole management of the cow department, another to the horse ditto, the third to the sheep, the fourth to the corn, the fifth to the green crops and the hay, the sixth to the flour or mill department, the seventh to the woods and fences, drainage, &c., &c., the eighth to the quarries, the ninth to the markets, the tenth as the secretary, book-keeper, and store-keeper of the whole establishment. Here, gentlemen, every one of you has one principal secular object to which you may direct your sole and undivided attention; no longer distracted with the bother and incessant worry necessarily inseparable from your former incongruous occupation, every thing would go on in a regular systematic order in series, your profits sure and certain, and arriving at the end of each year or half year, with the same punctuality as the rent of your landlords; your families brought up in the utmost respectability; your sons would grow



up much more thoughtful than they now do; there would be less of *horse-dealing* among them, for one only would have to meddle with this branch of the establishment; and, they would have the benefit of a scientific education. Your wives and daughters might be as highly-educated as you pleased, and your own station in society as much elevated from what it now is, as the superintendents at the railway-stations find their's to be, from the condition of gentlemen's servants, or any other menial occupation they were formerly engaged in. Every part of the estate would be much better looked after, and consequently yield a much greater profit; your only outgoings would be your rent, and your necessities of existence; your cares and anxieties materially diminished; more time would be at your command for the cultivation of your minds and talents, and eventually a degree of comfort and solid happiness attained, which we will do you the justice to say we are certain you would fully appreciate. As to the cheese and bacon, they would be superseded by beef and mutton; and if you *must* have beer, it would be as easily obtained in a Phalanstery as in your own houses.

We are of opinion that physical causes have a material influence in the production of moral effects, and that the man who was nourished and brought up on bacon, cheese, and swipes, would, if he were to change the diet to something more digestible

and less gross, in the course of a very few months be scarcely recognizable as the same person ; and upon this position do we found the argument, that if you change the diet and the habits likewise, you will discover that in lieu of a jolly ale-swilling, bacon and cheese-feeding individual, who can converse with you about turnips, the price of corn and hay, and can just manage to jog to the nearest market once a week, beyond which his ambition never soars, because the food and liquor keep it down, you would in a very short space of time behold a shrewd, active, intelligent member of society, whose faculties, unobscured by heavy liquor and gross food, would be infinitely more available for the good of the community at large and himself in particular, than the faculties of the same individual now are.

Our friends the tenants of town-property are, we perceive, growing impatient, we will therefore direct our observations to them in as brief terms as possible. Many of you now pay a high rent for accommodation solely, not for any profit which accrues to yourselves from the tenure of your dwellings. The inn or tavern-keeper pays what at a first view appears to be an enormous rent, for a house which occupies but a small portion of land ; but as we shall devote a separate chapter to the condition of inns and innkeepers, we abstain at present from enlarging upon this head. The pro-

professional man pays a large sum for the house he inhabits, and this often swallows up a very material portion of his income, and could he exercise his business to the same advantage in the country, that business would often be of double the value to him which it now is ; this is an acknowledged evil on all sides, felt, regretted, but never attempted to be remedied. " People don't see how it could be done, it's impossible," &c., &c. The fact is they have conjured up a chimera, and there it stands grinning at them ; when if they would but adopt the system we advocate, and in a body face the enemy, they would find that as they advanced so would it retreat, until it vanished altogether. We never yet heard a satisfactory reason given why a house of certain dimensions, and a given degree of style, should pay a higher rent than a house of the same or even greater pretensions in the country ; true it is, many reasons have been boldly alleged, but we repeat that not one has proved to our limited understanding satisfactory, or in any way conclusive ; it generally amounted to this, or some similar general statement of facts : — " Oh ! of course, property, *i. e.* houses we presume, is always worth more in the town than in the country, and the reason is—why the reason is this, 'that it always is so, and therefore it must be so.' " Lucidly and logically argued we admit, but still the deduction is far from clear or satisfactory ; we never doubted

the fact, but we dispute the actual existence of a sufficient reason for the effect, and having turned the matter over in our minds, to view it in every possible light, still there appears a mystification, which we should feel extremely obliged to any one if they could solve for us. Contrary to the usual course of nature, by which the abundance of an article renders the cheapness thereof undeniable, we find that in towns as the abundance or superfluity of houses progresses, in so great a degree progresseth the increase of their value, and the consequent difficulty of attainment to those by whom the said town is supported. Now this is clearly wrong, because in the first place it is contrary to nature, and this we hold to be an unerring test; and in the second, because it is an established rule for the well-being of every association, that all supplies shall be equal to the demand, therefore we find that instead of the analogy holding good in the case of our towns, the reverse is the issue of our investigation; for so far from the demand for cheap residences meeting with a supply where residences abound, the greater the demand the higher does the rate of supply appear to be; this, we acknowledge, seems to be upon the principle of making hay while the sun shines, all very just and right, but then the Phalansterian principle *is to make hay whether the sun shines or not*; so that wherever a natural or reasonable de-

mand evinces itself, there immediately shall that demand find the adequate supply; be it a house, food, clothing, or what not. And we moreover do and will maintain, gentlemen, in defiance of any past experience, or modern argument, that your work, manufactory, trade or calling, would be as easily carried on, as profitably, and be quite as disposable, if it were established in a Phalanx, as it now is when situated in a town.

In addition to this, your workmen or those whom you employ, would be separated from the contagious miasm of a crowded filthy provincial metropolis, beer-shops there would be none; your workmen would not only be interested in the work in which they were engaged, but in the welfare of the establishment they resided in; they would pay rent to you for such residence, and your rent to the landlord would be secure. Why every mill should not form a Phalanstery is incomprehensible, for the very nature of the business seems fitted especially for the developement of the principle. True your property in the large towns would gradually diminish in value, precisely as we have seen the property on the old lines of stage coach roads do; but then you may take warning from their example; be wise in time, and instead of allowing the phalanx to take the whole monopoly of the system into their own hands, as the railways have done with their system, you are at full liberty to avail yourselves of

all the knowledge we possess; only if we find that you after every offer persist in refusing to alter the usual course, or deviate from your present system, you must not complain if the Phalansterians act as the railways have done, and take the choice out of your hands, leaving you the alternative of joining with them and participating in all their profits; or finding yourselves left in the lurch, your resources gradually fading away, ruin staring you in the face; and all that remains for you to do will be to point to your deserted mills, and long lines of little red-brick streets, which now bear a strong resemblance to an abortive lillipution effort to imitate a town, and exclaim, "Alas! alas! Othello's occupation's gone!" And gone, irretrievably gone, it most assuredly will be before many years are passed, unless by some very energetic movement both of yourselves and your landlords, you do not ward off the stroke which is even now impending over your heads. Look around, and see the state of things.

"Old Birmingham is sore distressed,

"And Manchester is sad;

"Barnsley and Leeds are puzzled both,

"And Sheffield's quite as bad."

The doggrel of our school-boys reminiscence is as applicable to them as it was to the multiplication table, division, rule of three, or practice.

Instead therefore of bothering (we cannot find a more expressive term) the legislature about free

trade, corn laws, the charter, and all manner of mystified nonsense, (forgive us if we speak warmly, for we feel strongly upon this subject,) why do not you and the landlords take the matter into your own hands? it is your own legitimate province. No legislation, were it angelic even, could aid you here one half so efficiently as your own exertions, and it would require the temper, fortitude, and patience of an angelic nature, to bear with the attacks, provocations, and abuse which are levelled at the legislature of the present day. In all our troubles we fly to the State for aid, and instead of supporting the government of our country, we expect it to support itself, and the nation to boot; every evil which happens is laid to the score of legislation, and the ministry are made the scape-goat for all the follies, losses, and distresses of the country. Ten governments could not effect all you require from one, and if you, your landlords, and our agricultural brethren would but co-operate, and only make use of the means and talent wherewith you are so bountifully and liberally supplied by your Maker, instead of being, as you imagine, compelled to fly to St. Stephen's on every trivial occasion where wits are required, you would find yourselves in a condition to proffer that aid voluntarily to the government, which you now consider yourselves authorized to demand *from* them. There is room enough in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, for all

of us—aye, double our present numbers. Make the most of the resources you already possess, remember the fable of the bundle of sticks, and sift well the ultimate motives of such seditious vagabonds, as go about the country endeavouring to set you and your brethren by the ears, and against one another; if ever one of these cunning wolves come prowling about your premises, and talk to you about the comfort of the agriculturist, and try to draw comparisons between their condition and your own, suspect that man at once; *he aims at his own aggrandizement and your fall. He wishes to destroy the cultivator of the soil, but he is too great a coward to venture to the attack single handed; he will tell you to advance, and sneak into the rear himself.* He is a thief, who places a ladder against the window of the house, but dares not to climb up; therefore he makes you his tool, and laughs when he sees you fall into the trap. Beware then of being duped by him; he knows as well as you do, that the downfall of the agriculturist would be the death-blow of the mechanic and manufacturer; and knowing this, his only motive for the incendiary system he pursues is the hope of being able to plunder in the general confusion, and to escape with impunity from detection. *No man is a true friend to any party who seeks to set man against his fellow, be his profession never so loud; let the principles be what they may—tory, whig, radical, or conservative, a*



*man who adopts such means is to be bought, and you have only to ascertain his price, and he is yours, if you be fool enough to give it. Take it he most assuredly will, even though like his prototype, Judas, he goes and hangs himself immediately afterwards.*

Therefore, gentlemen, we would again urge you to view the land in the length and in the breadth thereof; sit down calmly and compare the number of acres, of parishes, and of people which are therein; consider what your domestic resources are, the value of your colonial possessions and foreign relations, adopt a regular systematic mode of operation in the stead of your present *chance* way of doing every thing, and it strikes us that you would very shortly find the outcry would be for hands to do the work, instead of, as now, for work for the hands to do. When the railways were first established, the prediction was, that travellers would never be found to make them pay. The London and Birmingham people wisely thought otherwise, and in the very short time since their line has been opened what do you perceive? why that so far from not being provided with traffic, it is with the greatest difficulty that they are able so to arrange the arrival and departure of their numerous and enormous trains, that they shall not run over one another. Take a lesson from them, organize your associative plan with equal regularity and systematic thought, and the result will in every case be the same. If

you see one company flourishing in any particular district, do not settle there and erect your phalanx over against theirs, as you now do with your mills, your factories, and your hotels, and, as might naturally be expected, cut each others' throats by the process; but take another district, *and play your cards into each others' hands*, the advantage will quickly be evident, and it may be, we shall yet have the happiness of seeing you once more a thriving, prosperous, and rising class of the community. With a hearty wish for the realization of this idea, we now take our leave of you, and turn our attention to another branch of the same subject.

## CHAP. IV.

### INNS AND INNKEEPERS.

HAVING taken a courteous leave of the Landlords and Tenants, and neither received a cuff from the one, or a kick from the other, we proceed to make our best bow to those ladies and gentlemen who unite the two classes in their own individual capacity; and here we request them not to take offence at the designation we have given to their houses and avocation. We confess to an attachment to the ancient appellative of "Inn;" it reminds us of our early days, the kind bustling old landlady—the hospitable thoroughly English-looking partner of her joys and griefs (if such things as griefs ever existed with them, a fact much to be doubted); the motherly old chambermaid, who used to carry us so carefully up stairs, when sick with travel we were lifted from the carriage; the precise, neat and attentive waiter, who with napkin of huge dimensions stuck under his arm, was wont to place the glowing urn, the delicious tea, and hot buttered toast on the table, with such a satisfactory air; and then the cheerful fire, and the huge old indian screen, whereon were depicted Harlequin and Pantaloon, and which used so much to excite our childish ad-

miration; there was no tea like *inn* tea, the toast never tasted half so delicious any where else; go where we would such a welcome never met us as at an Inn. We knew everybody about the place, and met as old friends should meet. Alas! alas! even advocates as we are for railways, we cannot refrain from a sigh, by way of tribute to times gone by, and many a happy evening, happier from the contrast it afforded to the dust, the heat, and cramp of a long summer day's journey, and six or seven inside the carriage. These are our reasons for preferring the sign of the Inn to the name of the Hotel, for you may enter the latter a hundred times and never see landlord or landlady; you may live in the house and neither imbibe or excite friendship in or from either. We could name an establishment of this description, which we have been in the habit of frequenting for the last sixteen years, and never recollect being in the presence of the landlord but once during the whole period, or ever being aware of the existence of a landlady at the head of the establishment, until about a month from the present date.

All this, however, is foreign to our purpose, and reserving our reflections for private meditation, we request an audience with the owners both of Hotels and Inns, hoping they will accept of our explanation, and duly appreciate the same in the spirit in which it is offered. You, ladies and gentlemen,

have a very conspicuous and a very responsible station to support in the associative system, for by it the whole of the detail of your vocation will be re-modelled; no longer will you be subject to the vicissitudes of an overflowing house for one night, and empty rooms and beds for three subsequent months; at one moment at your wits end to know where to put all the people, and at the next in doubt what to do with your own selves; dealers in spirits on Monday, and dealers thoroughly *out* of spirits on Tuesday; wondering on Wednesday if anybody will arrive on Thursday, and being *quite certain* on Friday that you *must* have an arrival on Saturday; finding your house still empty on Sunday morning, and not daring to go to church, or take your servants there, for fear any carriage should appear in the mean time. No, such a life of doubt and perplexity we should be sorry to propose to you, or to ourselves; therefore we must endeavour to chalk out some better and more agreeable method for at once filling your houses or Phalansteries, and rendering your existence somewhat more tolerable and less monotonous than it now is.

Travellers will and must form a very numerous class under any social organization; but on reflection we cannot but consider the present arrangement for their accommodation a very incongruous one, and such as needs as much alteration as any other that attaches to the main body. The Inn-

keeper has need of much "moral" fortitude, for most certainly does he both bear and forbear to a much greater extent than he would in any other situation think himself called upon to endure. We say that in England every man's house is his castle—this is evidently a mistake as regards the Hotels; the landlord *has* a landlord, and not only so, but the public are his masters, and he is necessitated to live *under* the one, and *upon* the other class; an anomalous position for an individual to maintain with credit, propriety, and a due respect to profit. His house is usually highly rented; his establishment must always be commensurate with the demand when at the highest; and it is marvellous in many instances to see how this is effected. Again, his servants are the servants of the public; they must have an eye to his welfare, and woe betide them and the landlord too, if they suffer this part of their duty to interfere with their service to his customers. Every thing that is asked for *must* be had, whether it be paid for or not, or else "I'll go to another house;" sick or sorry the work *must* be done; "impossible" is a word not to be found in the vocabulary of an Inn. If the customer orders a roast crocodile, or a boiled hippopotamus smothered in onions, or the devil himself (a dish often called for), the waiter is bound to say "Yes, sir," and the landlord is equally obligated to furnish

the same ; and the time allowed for the operation of cooking is such as would make the cooks in our own houses give warning in a jiffy. But nobody thinks of impossibilities at an Inn, and therefore order what you will, by the time you have pulled off your coat, or your bonnet, taken a piece of soap, and have commenced your reflections on the delight of washing your hands before dinner, a knock is heard at your door, and "dinner is on the table, sir, or ma'am, if you please."

All this is very well, but the next morning comes the reckoning, and then there is not only the crocodile and the hippopotamus, and two or three other minutiae to pay for, but the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill, including the black gentleman afore-named, if you chance to have ordered him. And now comes the tug of war, the Inn was unexceptionable, the dinner and wine excellent, the servants attentive, but grumble John Bull must and will, let the amount of the charge be what it may ; so you begin to look at the items, and after some unintelligible half-uttered ejaculations, out comes—"I say, waiter, what's all this ; dinner, tea, fire and lights, bed, breakfast, eggs and cold meat, why what the deuce ;"—but stop, let us look at the bill and see what you complain of. There are certain enigmatical symbols at the head of the bill which we will not attempt to pourtray ; such as a

golden lion, which is black and white, or a green man of the same colour; these are beyond our art, so we will copy the writing only, as follows :

	£	s.	d.
Dinner.....	0	2	6
Pint of Sherry .....	0	2	0
Tea, &c. ....	0	1	6
Fire and Lights .....	0	1	6
Bed .....	0	1	0
Breakfast, Eggs, &c. ....	0	2	0
Night Light .....	0	0	6
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	0	11	0
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“Eleven shillings a day ! why that’s two hundred pounds a year and a trifle over ; I shall soon be ruined at this rate. Sixpence for a rushlight ! why that’s five hundred per cent. profit, I wish I could get such interest for *my* money. Four and sixpence for dinner, enormous !” “You forget the sherry, sir.” “Sherry ! don’t tell me about sherry ! I can buy the best that’s drank at 36s. the dozen, and even supposing your stuff cost that, a shilling a bottle profit is rather too good a joke for me ; however, I’ll take care how I come to this house again to be fleeced in such a shameful manner.” So our friend buttons up his coat, and half strangles himself under the operation ; this heats him, and he leaves the hospitable mansion in a towering rage. Now we’ll wager a small sum that man is



worth some thousands of pounds per annum; that he keeps a first-rate cook at home; that he knows no more what his dinner at home costs him than the pen with which we now write does; and that he never once in the whole course of his life paused a moment to reflect how innkeepers, their families, and establishments were to be supported; if you were to ask him, he would in all probability call you a fool, or ask you if you opined that he was one; and answer that they were to be supported by the public to be sure. Now we may be supposed to know some little of the mysteries of Inns and their charges, and having often met with a similar specimen to that now presented for the observation of our readers, we will pass judgment thereon as impartially as our finite capacity permits us to do. For eleven shillings, then, the gentleman in No. 4 has been maintained for one day and a night; the profits to the landlord or landlady for that day and night out of the whole bill, may possibly amount to 25 per cent. at the very utmost; or two shillings and ninepence; our friend, the guest, has been the only customer for that day, and the landlord has to deduct from that two shillings and ninepence, first the rent of his house, then the rates, then the taxes, then the wear and tear; the wages of his cook and the housemaid, the use of the kitchen fire and cooking utensils; small items such as bread, salt, sugar, mustard, pepper, ink, and a variety of little

et ceteras are never thought about; and last of all, there are the expences and living of the landlord and his family to be deducted from the above enormous profit. Our candid and unprejudiced opinion therefore is, that if the gentleman in No. 4, had been charged twenty-two shillings in lieu of eleven, the landlord would not have been overpaid; and the grumbling gentleman in No. 4 would have had a much more satisfactory subject for meditation than that which he took away with him at his departure.

It has often appeared to us a matter of total unintelligibility how the masters and mistresses of the establishments now under discussion could possibly "get on" in the world, and the best solution we ever recollect hearing, as accounting for the seeming enigma, was that given by a friend with whom we once were travelling, and on our expressing wonder how it could be, gave us the following conclusive and lucid reply: "*I'm sure I don't know how it is, but I suppose they get along somehow or other.*" An answer so thoroughly beyond all appeal, that we ceased to make further enquiry of our friend on this subject.

Opposed to the description of landlords whom we have thus made free with, we perceive another species who usually carry on the war by means of the head-waiter and the bar-maid; and we have known an attack commenced and ended somewhat

in this manner. A stranger enters a large room in a first-rate Hotel : being accustomed to travelling, he casts a rapid glance around, and the first view is always decisive with him ; we will suppose him to be well supplied with luggage, and to be accompanied or not by a servant ; if the latter be the case, the waiter eyes him, *i. e.* the guest, over from head to foot, as quickly and as sharply as the stranger has taken the length, breadth, and capabilities of the apartment under survey. Being used to this sort of thing, however, he thinks very little about the matter, merely requesting to be informed what is to be had for dinner ; which, when it arrives, is despatched, and a book or a newspaper furnish employment and amusement for the remainder of the evening. Breakfast is ordered the next morning, and the bill asked for ; a discussion thereupon ensues between the waiter and the young lady at the bar as to the nature of the animal in No. 12. " O," says the waiter, " I'm sure you may lay it on pretty thick, he'll not flinch, for he doesn't look like one of that sort ; he ordered his claret like a gentleman, and never even looked at the wax candles when I put 'em on the table. I've tried every trick I was up to to find out who and what he is, but it's of no use whatever ; there's his initials upon every thing, but what's the good of that ? one can't make anything of them things ; I say if people will travel incog, as they call it, why they ought to pay

for it, that's my opinion." "You think so," says the young lady, "do you?" and without so much as a smile, or even lifting her beautiful dark eye, or equally beautiful hand from the paper she is writing upon, she deliberately proceeds to victimize the stranger in No. 12, as is now faithfully described, soliloquizing, however, after this manner,—“we'll not *over*-do it, John, but say we'll charge the *first* price for every thing.”

## No. 12.

June, 184	£	s.	d.
25 Dinner .....	0	7	6
Lobster Sauce.....	0	1	6
Vegetables .....	0	1	0
*Soufflet Pudding, &c. ....	1	1	0
Cheese, Salad, &c.....	0	1	0
Claret, 1 pint .....	0	7	6
Biscuits .....	0	1	0
Coffee .....	0	2	0
Wax Lights.....	0	3	0
Bed and Night Light.....	0	3	6
26 Breakfast, Meat and Eggs.....	0	4	0
Apartments.....	1	1	0
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	£	3	14 0
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“There John, there's the bill, take it and see how he likes it.” John comes to the door of No. 12,

\* This actually formed an item of a bill which was sent in to us some few years ago, the “Soufflet” being neither more nor less than a common custard pudding.

and stands grinning to himself for a minute or two, not knowing whether he shall be forthwith desired to go to old Nick, and take the bill with him, or be paid like a gentleman. At last in he bolts, with the bill on a silver salver, or at least a very good imitation of one; and the only answer he receives is a £5. note chucked on the table, and "bring me the change, if you please." The change comes, the waiter receives 4s.—two shillings and sixpence for himself, the remainder for the chamber-maid; not a word more passes, excepting a desire expressive that the luggage may be taken down stairs, and to the station. The waiter receives his *douceur* with a profound bow, and the young lady of the bar takes the cash without a remark of any kind, sort, or description. A trace of a shadow of a smile is however discernible in one corner of the eye, which seems to say "If he has'nt had enough of it this time, I'm not to blame."

Now, gentlemen and ladies, you who own the establishments are (you will excuse us for speaking openly) not doing yourselves or the public justice. There are among your customers persons who scorn to complain of any thing, and if your bill had been £10 instead of between three and four, would sooner have paid it at once than taken the trouble, or condescended to remonstrate with you. They are perfectly aware you must be supported, and as perfectly ready to contribute their quota to

your support; but they do not think it quite right that they should be left entirely to the tendermercies of your bar-maids and head-waiters, however beautiful and fascinating the former, or clever and attentive the latter may individually or collectively be. You understand us perfectly, we see you do, and therefore will forbear dwelling further upon the subject.

We must now commence an attack upon the young ladies who have been brought up to, and are now practising at "the bar;" and if this be not a strong proof of moral courage in a solitary individual like ourselves, we confess ignorance as to the true signification of the term "moral courage." We would as willingly expose our bitterest enemy to the fury of a disturbed hornet's nest, as to the infliction of being turned into a room full of the above-mentioned beautiful creatures, if he had chanced to offend them as well as ourselves, and if he didn't get "enough of it," as we most assuredly did in the matter of the Soufflet Pudding which we never ordered and scarcely tasted, we should rest contented to relinquish all claim to a discriminative character, or the reputation of knowing "what's what." On entering an English inn or hotel we have been often struck with the high caste of beauty with which "the bar" is graced. We have marvelled at this, and, wondering "how it was," been very near falling into the same trap

which our friend the lady did on her first visit to Newmarket, viz. arriving at the conclusion that nature had especially formed them with reference to their vocation, and the vocation for them, as in the case of the Newmarket jockies. But as Phalansterians we are bound to dig rather deeper when searching for causes, and therefore we conclude that nature has nothing to do with the *selection*, but merely with the *formation* of the race. Their beauty is indisputable, the fascination of their manners, on acquaintance, we are told, is equally unquestionable, though, as we have never been favored with any opportunity of forming a personal opinion upon the subject, we decide from hear-say, and conclude from appearances, that beauty and fascination of manner must go hand-in-hand. Nevertheless a strange notion has now and then flitted over our brain with regard to these fascinating creatures, and it is this, as in the case of the London footmen and tigers, who are considered to be soulless animals, we have set down the young ladies of the bar as possessing all human qualifications but one, and that nature, for fear of creating a perfect being, purposely deprived them of this one qualification, *i. e.* to say the heart, and we therefore adjudge them to be *heartless beings* (and having said this, if we are not in the middle of the hornet's nest now, we trust we never shall be.) But we will explain our meaning ; had our surmise

been incorrect, the gentleman referred to in No. 12 never could have been victimized as he was, for he never spoke to the victimizer, or she to him, in their lives; they never met before or since, and therefore neither malice or hatred could by possibility have existed between the parties. Our next reason for entertaining the horrid suspicion is this, day after day their hearts (if they have any, be it always provided) are subject to attacks which would inevitably subdue the most obdurate; they are considered fair game by all travellers, and every idle scamp who thinks them formed for his own particular and individual amusement; and yet year after year passes by, you still see them in the same old spot, until by degrees the beauteous flower has faded and withered, and you miss it altogether. Upon inquiry you find that the young lady at the bar has married some tavern-keeper, and her place is occupied by another, who, as fair as she once was, is doomed to undergo the same sickening process, and ultimately if she lives receive the same remuneration. Now we confess this appears to us so thoroughly un-English, so contrary to our received opinions of chivalry, so subversive of what ought to be, that unless our anger were somewhat subdued by the "heartless" idea we have imbibed, and our notions on the head of duelling had not been rather precise and definite; we do, we say, acknowledge that often and often have we felt how



great would be the satisfaction of at once proclaiming ourselves the Don Quixote of the class we now especially treat of; and couching a lance against all the aforesaid young scamps, who in the plenitude of their folly, amuse themselves by endeavouring to gain the hearts of the fair beings themselves, which when gained would as soon be trampled in the dust (again premising the said hearts to exist.) It matters not whether the young lady be engaged, or "bespoke," there she must sit, she must smile on all, parry their rude, unmanly jokes, laugh when they laugh, submit to be teased almost beyond endurance; to live in an atmosphere of perpetual cigars, brandy and water, and other nuisances, and all this for what?—this last question staggers us entirely, and we are certainly disposed to rate society roundly for making such game of those of her members, who not only ought to be ornamental and useful, but at the same time estimable, and an acquisition to the community. By nature, education, and qualification, they are fitted for a higher station, and we again repeat that society has not done justice to them, but has failed in this branch as she has in several others of which we have treated in the course of our work.

And now you will probably ask, what scheme we have in view to supersede the present system of hotels and inns? The question is an important one, and fraught with much difficulty, inasmuch as

a partial amelioration would be worse than none; and a thorough re-organization would be attended with so much labour, and require such a degree of judgment and discrimination, that we feel afraid to venture upon any suggestion; but having in remembrance the reply made by a certain crowned head of glorious memory, to an aspiring favourite, who is reported to have written on the window of her majesty's closet, with a diamond, this line,—

“ Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall;”

the reply being,

“ If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all.”

Encouraged by this royal hint, therefore, we will, with our best ability, proceed to offer a thought or two which might possibly lead to the adoption of a better system than our present.

Should the Phalansterian measure ever obtain generally, places of rest and refreshment would of necessity be much in request. At many of the establishments a portion of the mansion would be appropriated to this express purpose; but in the neighbourhood of extensive public works, such as mines, manufactories, &c., it must at once be evident that a separate building would be required solely for the accommodation of travellers, and persons coming on matters of business, or travelling merely for information and amusement. That under our present monetary system, such houses as these would

be a source of great profit there cannot be a doubt, because in the first place their establishment would be with reference solely to the nature of the locality, and the requirements of the inhabitants of that locality; and secondly, the business would no longer be as now, uncertain, and subject to fluctuation; but from their central position, (an especial point to be considered in their first erection,) they would command a regular and certain ebb and flow, so to speak, of customers; and many whose occupation was that of agents or travellers for large houses, would live almost wholly if not entirely at these establishments; competition would cease, as the first result, because by the nature of the principle there would be one fixed price for every person who made use of the house, and every article to be obtained there.

It is imagined that the institutions might be organized somewhat upon the system of the modern club-houses; an annual subscription to the general fund, entitling the subscriber to a specified degree of accommodation at every establishment of the hotel species which he might visit; at all and each of these he would find every possible arrangement made both for comfort and convenience; a public dining, drawing-room, and library; private apartments for all who preferred them, at an advanced rate of charge or subscription, as a matter of course. Casual visitors travelling for pleasure, health, &c.,

would be charged so much per head per diem ; and we believe, that by such an arrangement, not only would the public be very considerable gainers, but that the owners and occupiers of the houses would realize much larger profits than they now do ; the certainty of custom would tend to lower the rate of charge, and the same cause produce a corresponding increase in the revenue. Those who were subscribers would merely have to show their ticket on entering the mansion, after the same manner that the directors of the railways do on entering the carriages of the company to which they belong ; and others, who were not so privileged would pay their 10s. per day, and neither ask, or be annoyed by any questions. We say 10s. per day and night inclusive, for this appears to us, from certain calculations we have made, and which are of too great extent to be introduced here, as about the average sum which would suffice for all parties, both guests and landlords. It may to some appear too small, but we are perfectly satisfied that it would prove quite ample, and more than that, it would gradually admit of reduction.

Here then would be a wide field opened for the exercise of genuine hospitality ; the landlord would at once be raised to his proper station in the social scale, his family totally independent of and separated from the frequenters of the house ; instead of the bar-maid would appear an experienced house-

keeper, the attendants would, as in all other Phalansteries, have an interest in the establishment, as well as in their own individual situations. Every subscriber should consider himself as in his own house when there; every chance visitor would know to a fraction what he would have to pay; the labour of the attendants would be much diminished in every way, as a more liberal distribution of toil might be well afforded, consequently, a superior class of servants would be obtained; the "young ladies of the bar" would be at liberty to pursue other avocations, much better suited to their nature and capacity, than serving out swipes, gin, brandy, and cigars, to every person who chose to request such delicate refreshments from their hands; and we think, that upon the whole, as much good would accrue to the community in the aggregate, from such a re-modelling of the present hospitial or hotel system, as from that of any other branch of the social fabric.

In retired situations, such as the Highlands of Scotland or Ireland, houses of this kind would amply repay a speculator; and the very existence of one or two of them only would lead to the adoption of uncultivated districts by the manufacturer and the artizan. Looking at the mass of manufactories, mills, &c., as one large workshop, we see no reason if the workshop is found to occupy ground which is either inconvenient or too good for the

purpose, why it should not be removed to a spot which is less valuable, and by the very removal enhance the value of the uncultivated district. The roads are as good in Scotland as in England, nay better; Glasgow is as celebrated for its machinery as Birmingham. On the completion of the railroads, Glasgow or Edinburgh will be nearer to London in point of time than Liverpool formerly was; therefore, it appears to us, that we have only steadily and firmly to face, and determinately to stare or walk down any obstructive chimera which may arise to impede our progress, and the shadow will depart, and with it all obstacles be removed, save such as will just suffice to excite us to energetic activity in furthering the advance of societal reform. With these observations we close our address to the landlords and landladies of inns and hotels.

## CHAP. V.

### TRADES.

RESUME we now the pen, and introduce ourselves to the notice of the gentlemen of "the trade." A numerous, industrious, and active race, albeit in the least possible degree mistaken as to the best mode of attaining either the end they themselves particularly aim at, or that which they as responsible beings were sent into this world to effect. Emulation in a good cause is a laudable stimulant to activity and energy; competition carried to excess, whereby your neighbour is injured, perhaps ruined, a result which in its ultimatum will assuredly be the destruction of the aggressive party, if reparation be not made. A man may flourish at his neighbour's expense in this world, and find himself by the very act shut out from all participation of happiness or prosperity in the next; and it is worth one's while to pause on making this reflection, and ask ourselves whether the worldly end, if attained, be worth the cost alluded to. It is not a matter of chance or of uncertainty, of hope or possibility—the Divine law on this head is irrevocable, the decision final and without appeal. This preliminary argument being admitted, let us now

analyse the state of society as affected by the multitudinous vocations of our brethren of "the Trades." The commercial system of England has been highly extolled, and its many admirers seem to think it impossible to speak in terms too glowing, on its behalf; among them are numbered many of high name and worth, and the public judgment is apt to be carried away with the stream, and to overlook the fulness of the channels through which that stream flows; the channels of interest, prejudice, and an overweening propensity, common to all John Bull's offspring, to imagine that all their own geese are swans.

In former years, no doubt, our mercantile and commercial character stood high in the estimation of nations; for its component parts were high honour and integrity, strict and impartial dealing, and a due respect to our motto, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." Alas! how are the mighty now fallen! All is strife and competition, debate, and mutual ill-will; if *A* finds for a few minutes rest for the sole of his foot, *B* is in wake, and shoves him from the seat; if *C* erects a mill, *D* immediately sets another down over against him; if one man is doing tolerably well as a grocer, a draper, a confectioner, or what not, another and another in succession are morally (query immorally?) certain to begin business in opposition to him, and not content with this, they invariably



choose the nearest possible vicinity, as if for the mere sake of aggravation. Thus the spirits of neighbourly benevolence and mutual good-will are driven from the spot, and compelled to seek in a purer clime than ours where they may fulfil their mission. Infatuation this of the blindest nature ; you urge the advantage of cheapness in favor of such competition, you forget the ruin which you work, whereby the means of profiting by that cheapness are entirely taken away ; you forget the amount of moral evil you create amongst the community at large for the fancied welfare of a few. You resemble a number of men on a race-course, who, instead of taking a clear line, and each keeping out of the way of the other, at once rush pell-mell into a mass, and strive to ride one another down, thereby entirely risking the chance of any one of them reaching the winning post ; and if one more fortunate than the rest should pass the goal, mark the condition he is in ; is he fit for another race ? need I ask the question, let your leading houses give the reply ; let the insolvent list daily to be seen in the public journals of the day re-echo that reply ; breathless, bruised, and beaten, the Gazette is his only refuge, and if he ever appears on the course again, it is in a questionable, an assumed character. Fair trading is at an end ; the trader will openly tell you it is the sure road to ruin ; he scruples not to confess the fact, and if he

be conscientious enough to attempt such a course, every hand is raised to crush him ; every foot to trample him in the dust. " Oh that fellow's too honest to thrive," says one. " Let him try it that's all," is the advice of another. " You'll make your fortune in just half no time, won't you ?" sneers a third ; and the honest man finds there is no place in Society for him ; he bows his head to her decrees and meekly struggles on. Does he meet with encouragement for this ? does he with profit " late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness ?" Year by year he lingers on, murmuring at the undeserved severity of his fate, and at last he vanishes from the stage unpitied, unregretted — his epitaph this, " What a fool the fellow was to think he could act differently from other people !" and yet this is merry England. How little do her sons know, in their merriest hour, how many an aching heart is pillowed on her bosom ; the agonizing sigh of those who, tossed on the raging waves of competition, their little bark a wreck, themselves and those who to them are dearer far than self, imploring in vain for a hand to succour and to save them, is unheard, or if casually forced upon the ear, is soon drowned in the reckless mirth of those by whom they are surrounded, or the busy ceaseless hum of the unthinking crowd. At every turn man jostles with his fellow, and the prevailing expression of countenance, which pervades the features of each,

is one of contempt, ridicule, suspicion, or indifference.

If there is one branch of the social tree which requires more pruning or training than another it is this ; for according to the present "Rules" none are secure from injury or destruction, and why ? the worm of avarice is at the root of the tree ; the blight of competition has seared and shrivelled up the leaves ; the fruit has dropped off one by one before arriving at maturity, and if perchance one fair peach is left upon the branch, beautiful as it may appear externally, you will find on opening it, that there is the canker worm, or grub of bankruptcy devouring the kernel.

Hereditary commercial honours are now almost unknown ; fresh stars in the mercantile firmament are daily appearing, and these, like wandering comets, blaze away their short hour, and in their turn disappear, to be succeeded by others of the same erratic nature. Meanwhile credit vanishes, and confidence is shaken, and in the place of high honorable feeling, do we find a system of strife and gambling ; of mutual injury and reckless speculation ; instead of searching for the root of the evil, men blame the legislature of their country, the scape-goat for all their social enormities. Heaven help the government under such a system of things say we ; if the year contained twenty-four months instead of twelve ; if there were perpetual parlia-

ments, and the legislators sat day and night without cessation, they would never accomplish one-half of what Society now demands of them. Whate'er of ill betides the people, on the shoulders of the government is the cause at once laid. Should the social machine be upset in its mad career, the government are instantly called upon to right it, and make good all repairs; nay, we verily believe that some of the members are unconscionable enough to expect, that the government of the country is bound to support and furnish supplies for all their wants, social, political, or domestic; whereas they themselves are by every consideration of duty called upon to support that legislature, which in its turn is their legitimate protector.

Again, then, let us implore you to help yourselves; abandon a system which produces such fatal results; unite co-operatively, form yourselves into a commercial Phalanx, and let every member find his own interest in advancing that of his neighbour; there is room enough, and more than enough, for all of you; take more ground, and spread yourselves over a wider space. To borrow the simile of the Augæan stables once more; look at the mass of vice, of filth, and corruption you have heaped up to yourselves in your cities, towns, and villages; to your competitive system is owing one-half, (aye, how much more?) of the horrible depravity of those places; you have been the means of crowding them

(the inhabitants) one upon another, till the very air they breathe is rendered pestilential by the process; and, as if to hasten their doom, the gin-shop, the beer-shop, and the brothel, are set at the corners of almost every street. Society has done its worst for these poor misguided fellow-creatures of ours, and we are now reaping the due reward of our misdeeds. Are we Englishmen, are we Christians, to stand tamely by, surveying the ruin we have wrought? an angel might weep to behold it; remember, then, if nothing else will move you, the "cities of the plain." Where now are Sodom and Gomorrah? Where Nineveh, the mighty city, the ancient city? Where are Rome and Babylon, Tyre and Sidon?—perished all. And were their sins, either of omission or commission, greater than our's of the present day? Reflect we then upon **THEIR** doom, and let us take heed in time, while yet space is mercifully granted us to reflect. In vain will you call upon the Government to aid you in the day of trouble; the cause of all your present evils exists within yourselves, and your sorrow is its inevitable effect, therefore the removal of that cause must remain with you; no power on earth can assist you unless you exert yourselves, and by united, energetic, and combined efforts, shake off the fetters with which you are now fast bound.

The sacrifice you make will be as nothing in comparison with that which you are now making,

for your present system involves a total dereliction of every acknowledged principle of rectitude and benevolence; and can such a system prosper? Never. More is in your own power than you are aware of; you are a numerous and an influential class; your example has a powerful and a direct tendency to produce good or evil in society; men look up to you, they copy your virtues or your vices as you furnish them with opportunity. Arise then, and claim your legitimate station, which is that of leaders of the people who are employed by you, and thus committed to your charge;—leaders, not of treason, anarchy, and rebellion, but of civilization, order, and Christianity. Cease to *compete*, begin to *combine*; let the whole English commercial body unite as one company, and let each associative institution be looked upon, and its interests regarded, as those of a member of that body, and every individual consider that he has a joint-interest in the welfare of the whole. Thus, and thus only can you avert, with the Divine blessing upon your efforts, the storm which now impends so threateningly over your heads.

The re-modelling of our manufacturing system may seem an arduous task; nay, it is a favourite strong hold of the Impossibilists, who think themselves invulnerable while entrenched within it; but when we look at the noble efforts of such men as Lord Ashley, to pull down this sham stronghold,

we should be encouraged to persevere; the very nature of the combat should give us hope and vigour; we war not with men, but with principles; we seek not subversion, but re-organization, on principles of universal love and truth. Depend upon it the difficulties are after all chimerical, there is no substance in them, and on a steady advance we should find them fade away before us like shadows, as they are. But can we ever hope for success or prosperity, while we wilfully and knowingly allow the present system to be pursued? If we are Christians it is utterly impossible; we are perfectly aware that the factory system, the mining system, and that of our operatives generally, is one which (if invention were racked to discover a more effectual method it could not be done) must tend to ruin the people, both in body and in soul; and our conviction is as clear, that being aiders and tacit abettors, if not the actual perpetrators, of the plan, must eventually ensure to ourselves the same condemnation; notwithstanding all this the same routine is pursued from day to day, and from year to year, and in the stead of manfully facing the cause of evil, and doing our utmost to remove it, we permit the poor deluded victims of the system to fall into the hands of wicked designing agents of sedition. We allow these wretches to cram the heads of the poor people, whose brains are already half-turned by starvation, poverty, and degradation, with all

manner of folly about political rights, the people's charter, corn laws, and free trade ; as if any one of these, or all combined, could by any remote possibility either fill their stomachs, or clothe their bodies, and those of their families. Call we this patriotism ? is it humanity even ? is this doing to them as we would wish to be done to us ? A day of reckoning will assuredly come for all this, and we would act wisely to commence the reckoning with ourselves, and by strenuous indefatigable exertion, seek to make some reparation for the evils we have brought upon those who looked with confidence to us for support. How have we repaid that confidence ? Let this thought humble us, and by union, example, and precept, let us begin in earnest to set about the repairs of the social edifice, now so much dilapidated, through our negligence and misconduct. Talk not of the ingratitude of our artizans and operatives, but *try them* ; we have never done it yet, competition has blinded our better judgment, and overwhelmed every noble sentiment of the heart ; gain and gold have hitherto been our watchwords ; let peace, justice, love, and truth supersede them ; and we fear not for the result. Our's is a warfare worthy of a Christian soldier, and such an one should not be deterred, though Legion were the name of his opponent. They that are for us, are more than they who are against us ; we know it, our authority is such as never yet erred, nor can err. Strengthened



and stimulated by this assurance, let us march onward, not hurriedly, but with a steady gradual progress; trusting not in our own wisdom, strength, or discretion, but on the aid of Him on whom the Christian's faith is firmly fixed, and the victory is ours. We have to crave forbearance for any prolixity which appears in this part of our subject, but the class we address is a highly important one in Society, and the topic of much too weighty a nature to be lightly treated of.

## CHAP. VI.

### THEATRES.

FAIN would we pass by such a branch of our social system as this, this plague-spot of Society, the licensed school of every loathsome vice, of blasphemy and corruption; where iniquity is held up as a pattern for imitation; where robbers, thieves, and murderers are extolled as heroes; where obscenity and indecency are applauded as marks of talent and of wit. Well was it said by one, that the Theatre is the Devil's own workshop; yes, there does he forge his most effective weapons, and form the links of those chains which make those around whom they are cast his own—his own for ever. By every gorgeous illusive art, by music (sacred sometimes) of the most exalted strains, by every appeal to the worst passions and frailties of our nature, does he allure his victims to that awful theatre, where the mask will fall off, the illusion vanish, and the dread realities of that hell, from whence our Theatres now draw their supplies, will stand confessed in all their genuine horrors. Where will then be the Syren's song, the strains we once termed heavenly? Where the melodious organ's swell, which in blasphemous profanation of the "*De profundis*" we were wont

to hear accompanying a sham procession of monks, each lifting up their voices to the mockery of that God who made them? Where the voluptuous ballet, an exhibition which the most delicate and sensitive of our females will regard with complacency and admiration? How many thousands are there now in the abode of endless woe who realize the truth of these remarks? Nay, how many are there even now living among us, who have reason to curse the day on which they were first induced to enter this house of Satan, this gate of hell?

Fathers, they who expect their sons to continue true to their first faith, and to keep it pure and undefiled, take them to the Theatre to listen to and applaud obscenity; to hear the name of their God profaned and blasphemed, and this for the acknowledged purpose of amusement! Mothers, who tell you that they wish their daughters to be brought up as English maidens should be, modest, retiring, refined and sensitive, full of the knowledge of every Christian virtue, and every sentiment of delicacy; you take them to the Theatre to hear the broad oath; to listen to and applaud the obscene "double entendre;" to be the witnesses of their sex's degradation; and yet you expect the lesson which you teach them will be purified by their youthful minds, and tend to the production of wholesome and nutritious aliment. For shame! for shame! if for yourselves you fear not, have pity and compassion upon

the souls of those whom you have been instrumental in bringing into this world ; remember that you are responsible for the creation of their immortal souls, for their existence here, and in a great measure for their well-being hereafter. Tell us not that the mind of a young girl can undergo the process of a theatrical exhibition without contamination ; one of two events is inevitable, either she will be so shocked as to refuse ever to enter a Theatre again, as we know was the result in a case which came under our own observation, or she will be infected with the contagious atmosphere you persuade her to inhale ; and then farewell to all that we so fondly cherish, as the essential and most valuable attributes of woman. Vain is any attempt you can make to adduce arguments in favor of our present theatrical system ; not one can stand the test of reason, philosophy, or religion. You may say the ground you occupy is an elevated position ; it is, and the greater will be your downfall. You may affirm that you expose vice by contrasting it with virtue ; you do, and you might just as well expect to preclude the possibility of your child's taking an infectious complaint, by bringing it into the very room where lay a patient suffering under the disease, as expect to find that the means you thus adopt to expose vice, will tend to prevent its growth. Is it by the ridicule of your faith, by blaspheming your Maker's name, by lauding indecency and profanity, that the

hydra-headed monster is to be vanquished? Is it by crowding your people together, to witness scenes which might raise a blush even on the cheek of a fallen spirit, that you hope to instil into the minds of your youth a love of virtue,—a respect for chastity and purity of heart? as well might you expect to touch pitch without defilement, or to tread the waters without sinking. Well may it be said of us, that “when our children asked for bread, we gave them stones, for fish, and we offered them a serpent, or a scorpion.” They have toyed with our gifts, until the envenomed fang of the one has penetrated their very souls, or stung to the heart by the scorpion’s sting we have seen the fair form of the daughter of our people become a hideous loathsome mass of corruption, and shutting our eyes wilfully against the fact of our own misconduct being the sole cause of the disastrous malady, we have presumptuously dared to enquire, “Is there no balm in Gilead, and is there no Physician there?” Yes, there is balm in Gilead, but in Gilead we have never been to seek it; there is a Physician there, and he stands ready to receive us,—we mock Him for a return,—He says, come and be healed without money and without price; and we obstinately refuse to accept his invitation, and prefer the poison to the balm.

Christian fathers and Christian mothers, if any of you have followed us thus far on our journey, hear

us while we venture to plead in behalf of those who are so justly endeared to you, by every tie divine or of humanity; think of the anxieties and trials you have undergone for them; think of the unutterable bliss which will await you on meeting them in those regions of untold, unthought-of joy, if, through the grace of your Redeemer, your spirits and theirs be purified from the grossness of this earthly state; and think of the sufferings of Him who died for you, not that you might sin against and blaspheme His holy name with impunity, but to redeem and purify your souls from all iniquity.

English daughters, you whom we so deservedly regard with pride and fond brotherly affection, aid us in our advocacy of your cause; our admiration of you will not be the less intense, that we see you yielding to the native delicacy of your race, when we witness the honest blush of indignation, and of shame mantling on your cheek, at the thought of what your sisters in society, who are exposed to the poison of the theatres, are compelled to undergo.

Sons of Britain, all of you who deserve the appellation, on the behalf of your wives, your sisters, all that you hold most sacred or most dear, we call upon you to arouse from your lethargy, and either purge the Theatre not in part, but *totally* from the pollution with which it is now on every side environed; or abolish it at once. The Theatre now is one of the direct curses of society; a leaven which

corrupts the entire mass through which it circulates; a sure and certain passage to that gulf which separates earth from heaven; a road strewed indeed with flowers of gorgeous hue, but foully tainted, and of a deadly poison. Think of the goal to which that road is tending; think of the prize you there will find, if you reach that goal. How will you endure there to meet those with whom you commenced your journey? How will you bear the irrevocable fate to which that road has destined you? and how, through the everlasting ages of eternity, will the thought be borne, that to the Theatre, the arena of gaiety, of pleasure, and of mirth, you are indebted for the never-ending pangs of woe, remorse, and anguish.

Cease to support the Theatres, and they will vanish from Society; those who are supported by them, will soon find other and more worthy occupation. Is it just that foreigners should prey upon us in times of national distress? Were the voices of those who charm you with their melody given them to be profaned by the theatrical system? is that using the talent to the glory of Him who gave it? Far be it from us to be illiberal, but we ask when our own people are perishing around us for want of bread, and every common necessary of existence, can we sanction the immense outlay of our money which is yearly lavished on the Opera and our Theatres? As a nation is this reputable? is it in

accordance with our character of professing Christians? Most unquestionably the reverse, and why will we say that the evils, the poverty, the crimes of Society are irremediable, when they are nourished, produced, and aggravated by our own perverse wills? Why will we travel along the road we know leads only to the impassable gulf, and madly assert that it may "perhaps" lead to heaven?

To those poor creatures, whose misery is our amusement, we have but little to say; Society has made them what they are; we have hewn out the channel for the display of their talents, those brilliant gifts which, if properly directed, might have shone with the brightest lustre to their Creator's glory. We have converted their virtues into splendid sins; we have made sport of their calamity, and as a return for all their exertions, which in a good cause would be praiseworthy beyond expression, we have paid them with *gold*; their reward has been nightly exposure to vain applause, and the disgusting remarks of those for whose sole pleasure they have laboured,—the approbation of the idle, the vicious, and the profligate. Constituted as Society now is, it would be impossible to apply the Phalansterian principle to the Theatre. Every particle of the theatrical material is so totally corrupt, that the employment of the smallest atom would act like leaven on the whole structure; though on the associative system, there is no reason what-



ever to be alleged why the Theatre should not be a useful adjunct, a secular temple, for the display of talent (not histrionic, for that is an invention of man, and a device of the enemy) to the glory of Him who bestowed it ; but as this may probably form the subject of another chapter, we for the present willingly relinquish a matter so painful to the mind to reflect upon as the Theatre now is.

## CHAP. VII.

### SCIENCE.

It is impossible for any one who thinks or reflects upon causes and their effects, not to view with the most intense feelings of interest the advance of Science in the present age ; and at the same time it is a matter of perfect wonder that Science is not rendered more applicable to the wants of the community. Many regard the inventions of the day as signs of the times, and think they do wisely to look silently on, ready to avail themselves of any advantage which the inventions may present, but doggedly refusing to aid the efforts of those by whose talent or ingenuity they are benefitted. Not so the Phalansterian, in the gradual developement of science he sees the hand of an all-wise beneficent Being, who in compassion upon the increasing wants of man, mercifully points out to him the means by which those wants may be supplied, if he will but exert himself to apply them. Had it been possible, according to the nature of things, that a railway-engine could half a century ago have been suddenly presented to the view of the astonished natives of any one of our towns, hissing, roaring and stunning us with its noise, we believe that not ten men

could have been found who would have ventured near such an apparition; the same machine now, with its attendant train of fifty or sixty carriages, excites scarcely so much attention as a single horse will do.

Formerly a six weeks passage from America was considered a very fair performance, now twice the same number of days suffices for the same passage, without creating any particular confusion in our ideas upon the subject. The German Etzler says it will shortly be accomplished in four days. Men denounce him as an enthusiast, and cry "impossible." If, twenty years since, any one had shewed us a certain green tinged liquid, and said "Now from this I can produce pure copper without any toil or labour, not more than I am required to exert to eat my dinner, or my supper," would we have believed him? certainly not. Had such a person said, moreover, "I see nothing to prevent Society from traversing the distance between London and Birmingham in three hours," should we not have thought he was gulling us, and trying how far he could impose upon our credulity? assuredly this would have been the reward of his information. But had he deliberately stated his conviction that it was perfectly practicable to progress through the air between the two just named places, should not we at once have pronounced him to be a madman, and unfit to be at large? Notwithstanding all this

we should have been in the wrong, and each and every one of the men who asserted the above facts would have been in the right, as the result of experience has proved.

Now it strikes us that in this we act most unjustly towards our neighbour, ourselves, and the whole of the social family; instead of aiding these benefactors of mankind, while they are exerting their utmost talent to benefit us; and in lieu of smoothing their way for them, and searching for channels in which to direct their labours to the best possible termination for the good of Society, what is our course? simply this, we stand idly by, perhaps ridiculing them, and placing obstacles in their path; or else *encouraging* them, by telling them they will never succeed, and if their first experiment or two is not quite so satisfactory as might be wished, we join the hue-and-cry against them, or else in derision ask why they don't make more progress? Meanwhile perfectly determined to avail ourselves of any benefit that may accrue from their success, and repudiating the slightest idea of obligation to the founders of a new system, however advantageous, or a novel invention however beneficial it may be. Now this is not doing to others as we would that they should do to us; there is no question about the matter, and we should do well to reflect deeply upon the motive by which our conduct in this respect is regulated. And if these

idlers, denouncers, and impossibilists, would but act like reasonable responsible creatures, and aid in the work of progression, by thinking and planning in what way their own talents with which they are so liberally supplied, could be made available in furthering that progress, so as to be most beneficial to their fellow-creatures, they and Society at large would reap an incalculable amount of benefit, of which we are now able to form but a very faint idea. They should recollect that an inventor has seldom time to study effects; it is enough that causes occupy his attention. It is for those who have leisure and opportunity to direct those effects into their proper and legitimate channel; the inventor creates the supply, it is for others to produce and regulate the demand. The spade manufacturer seldom digs, but he is not the less useful member of society for that; he makes the supply, the gardener and the agriculturist the demand, and so on in all the multifarious branches of trade; one man of genius may, by the exercise of that single talent, benefit thousands, nay millions of his fellow-men. How do we reward him? the inventor of the locomotive steam-engine was pronounced a madman, and the Marquis of Waterford found him in a mad-house; he was placed there solely because he dared to say he could do that which we now see done daily, and by which we and the whole of Society derive benefit; and all the time we are abusing, crushing, and

ridiculing these benefactors of ours, we are preaching up charity, good will, and gratitude, as the principles by which men should be actuated, in their several relations with each other.

But on the other hand, if a seditious vagabond makes his appearance in society, and calls upon us to contribute our time, our money, and our talents, in furtherance of his diabolical endeavours to set man against his fellow, and society by the ears, what course do we then adopt? we drag him in triumph into the market-places of our towns; we shower down our gold and our silver, and the poor man's pence into his coffers. We greet him as our best friend; we give him a seat in our legislative assembly; we laud him to the skies, and call ourselves patriots. The very end the man proclaims as his motive for exerting himself ought to rouse our suspicion; but no, this we reserve for those who quietly and steadily labour on through years of opposition and neglect, from the sole motive of exercising the talents with which they are gifted for the benefit of the human race; and we look upon those who are inclined to show them respect and consideration as little better than visionary enthusiasts, if not actual fools. Science therefore struggles faintly on, and her votaries have a hard and a toilsome task to perform, in making headway against the prejudices, the scoffs, and ridi-

cule of society. We refuse the good our Maker has offered us, we sneer at his gifts, and dare to doubt their use or value. We abuse the Giver and pervert the talent; we snatch at every invention, and employ it as a weapon to the injury of our brethren; instead of employing our mechanical discoveries to the advantage of those by whose labour our comforts and luxuries are supplied, we make machinery an excuse for turning the labourer from our land, the mechanic from our workshop, and the operative from the mill; and we teach him to curse the blessing instead of giving him reason to bless the Giver. In our over-weening hurry to convert every talent and every invention into gold and silver for our own exclusive benefit, we overlook and pass unheedingly the end for which that talent was bestowed; and the result is, what might be anticipated, and what ever was and ever will be the result of such a system, our blessings are turned into curses, our honey into gall, bankruptcy and ruin stare the abuser of the talent in his face, poverty, distress, and sorrow meet us at every corner; and then we turn again to abuse machinery, to denounce all inventors and their schemes, and accuse Providence of injustice for frustrating our avaricious, greedy ambition. Patent laws are made which *nominally* protect the inventor, and we take good care to enrich ourselves, whether the in-

ventors themselves eventually succeed or not; as the records of our patent offices will amply substantiate. It costs a small fortune to secure a patent, and when secured it takes a large fortune to defend it.

Thus do we take science by the hand, and feed upon instead of supporting and cherishing her children. The benefit, we tardily confess exists, but the compensation of our debt is another affair. People ought to pay for patronage, says Society, and good care does she take that they shall do so; if they are ruined in mind and body by the system, that is their affair, not hers; and many and many thousands of pounds are lavished upon Society by these her staunch benefactors and supporters, of which she never deigns to render any account, and for which she never makes any return, except neglect, contempt, and disdain. Would we but adopt a contrary course to this, and by encouragement aid the inventive portion of our fellow-men, and use our utmost endeavour to turn their inventions to the best account, for the good of all those by whom we are surrounded, how different would be the result! instead of suspicion, we should meet confidence; hope would animate every countenance; rapid improvement would ensue as our reward; and instead of every man's hand being against his fellow, as it now is, that hand would be



outstretched in friendly greeting, and our first question, in lieu of being "Can you do any thing to help me?" would be, "What can I do to assist you?" Aid would be proffered, not solicited, and science would progress in a ratio of which our present notions fall far short of the reality.

## CHAP. VIII.

### MONEY.

As a fitting subject wherewith to close this second portion of our volume, we have reserved the article which forms the heading of this chapter, and we will now take a cursory view of our present monetary system, and its effects upon society, individually and collectively.

As a striking proof of the wisdom of Solomon we have it upon record, that "he made silver to be in Jerusalem as the stones of the streets for very abundance," and on reading this we are apt to overlook the cause by which this effect was produced. It was not because Solomon knew better than other men how to produce riches, or merely the result of his peculiar wisdom, but it was because the law of the Lord his God was in his heart, and because he first sought the kingdom of God and his righteousness, that "all these things were added unto him." Riches followed as an effect, as a natural result of the line of conduct he adopted; and we, instead of following in the same line, have in all our relations, in every institution of society, in every age, and in every grade of mankind, adopted the very reverse of that principle by which Solomon

was directed. We have looked upon money, gold and silver, as the *cause*, the prime agent—and, as we might justly anticipate, we have found our expectations disappointed. If we ask a man in these our days why he does not do such and such a thing, his answer is one of these two, “Give me the *money* and I’ll do it;” or, “I have not the *money*, and therefore I *cannot* do it.” And to such an extent do we carry out this principle, that the lives of hundreds, aye thousands of our fellows, are daily and hourly put in jeopardy by its hurtful application. To enumerate instances in proof of this assertion would be the work of a life-time, we therefore hold ourselves excused from attempting to undertake it; our object being to point at evils, with the view of inducing men of talent and high intellectual attainment to survey them attentively, and then endeavour to alleviate, if not to remove them wholly; both of which results, we contend, are entirely in their power, if the inclination be not wanting.

Our island occupies but a small, a very minute portion of the surface of the globe, yet such is our wealth, and such the high store we set thereby, that in London alone, one single city only, we have no less than eighty-four banking establishments, whose ostensible business is solely the care of money; add to these the private and branch institutions of the provinces, and the only marvel at a first view

will be, whence all the money proceeds to support so many establishments, all engaged in the same occupation, and all striving to attain the identical result, namely, the enriching of themselves. This must clearly be effected by the loss of others, for as a banking-house is not a producer in society, but a mere receiver, it follows that convenience and accommodation alone are the basis upon which they rest. It is, we know, argued that they find employment for hundreds and thousands of men, who would otherwise be at a loss for means of subsistence; to this argument we object, on the ground that under a proper organization of the social system, no individual could by possibility ever be at such a loss; and we look upon the simile of a stream, when applied to the course of money in our time, as a very apt and just one. The stream is society, the channels through which that stream pursues its course are commerce, trade, properties both of land and houses; the deep holes are the banking-houses, the customs, tax-offices, &c., &c., there will always be found the *best fish*; but woe betide the little ones who venture near these holes, some huge monster of a pike, or a carp, is sure to be there. These in their turn are caught sometimes, and an excellent meal they furnish for many a hungry occupant of the stream, the official assignees, the lawyers, and other fish of the same species; though the proprietor of the precise por-

tion of the fishery, the creditor we mean, seldom obtains his due share of the spoil.

Fifteen years ago the number of country-banks was seven hundred and eighty-nine (rare sport a shrewd fisherman might have even in these holes, if he understood his business ; ) thus we have, without the additional increase since that time, the sum total of eight hundred and seventy-three establishments, whose employment it was to manage the monetary concerns of society alone. A community located in 13,207 parishes and townships furnishing these banking-houses with the means of subsistence, and fifteen parishes and townships on the average, each requiring the services of a monetary agent or Banking Institution. It is doubtless a manifest accommodation to the farmer to have an institution within ten miles of his house, where he may in safety deposit his ready cash ; but it would be a still greater source of satisfaction to him if he also knew, that while it remained there in safety, it would return him the same interest which it would do were it invested in property which paid him £5 per cent., we will say, for the sake of a supposition. The country banks allow, we believe, 2 or 2½ per cent. on all deposits above a certain sum, and if left for a definite or protracted period ; the London banks allow no interest, or at least this is the rule with those of them with which we are acquainted. Now when we reflect upon the large

aggregate sum which is annually deposited in the country banks, and the very considerable loss which must inevitably fall upon the depositors under our present monetary system, it appears to us somewhat unjust, inasmuch as it is upon the principle of the little fish feeding the large ones, and not the large ones the others; a very natural system for the uneducated and uncivilized tenants of our rivers, lakes and seas, but decidedly an erroneous principle for rational and responsible beings to act upon. Even the fish might teach us a useful lesson here, for the removal of a leviathan does not injure the remaining inhabitants of the deep; but if a banking-house fails, it ruins hundreds of smaller fish, and causes the utmost commotion in the social stream.

Now all this is clearly wrong, but custom, inveterate habit, and temporary accommodation, have so interwoven as it were every transaction of society, with the present monetary plan, that it seems an almost Herculean task to disentangle it from the mass, or apply it to any really useful purpose when disentangled. It is quite clear that Solomon did not adopt the means we do, because had he done so, we should now stand as good a chance of realizing the effect as he did; for if the banking system could make silver to be as the stones of the streets for abundance, this little island of ours would by this time most assuredly have no occasion to use either granite or wooden pavement for the purpose; there

must be some fatal error here therefore, and we think the time spent in search of that error would not be lost.

Already do the institutions themselves begin to feel the evil of "being too thick upon the ground," and were it not for railway and commercial business, for agency, for the purchase and sale of lands, funded and other property, one half our private banks might "shut up shop," and retire from private banks to private life, and profit considerably by the exchange. *The Banking Companies, and Joint Stock Institutions, acting upon the Phalansterian principle of mutual co-operation and combination, have driven the occupants of the large holes out of their quarters, and left them nothing to feed upon but such little fish as they can catch in the main stream, and these are so scattered that it is difficult to lay hold of them, and even when caught they are so impoverished, that they furnish little or no nutriment.* Here we see in the distance the gradual but certain approach of the Phalanstery; while we are thinking about and abusing it in no very measured terms, it is even now amongst us, and an auditor of our remarks; and we opine that a wiser mode of carrying on the war would be to make at least a virtue of necessity (if we are so blind as not to perceive the actual benefit), and, instead of endeavouring to crush our new visitor, and hurl all manner of objectionable titles at him, when he comes in peaceful guise and as a benefactor, if we were to give him

the right hand of fellowship, and make him an useful and an attached friend, in lieu of a powerful and dangerous enemy.

Should the Phalansterian principle of general association prevail, every establishment would contain within itself a bank, and all be connected with the Joint Stock Phalansteries, or Banking Companies; the rate of interest allowed by all would be the same in every house, and the minimum of that rate would be the minimum of profit derivable from any other occupation whatsoever; and as we believe we have previously stated that to be £5. per cent., we have no doubt whatever that such a sum would be the lowest rate of interest allowed to every depositor of the associative community; and in making this statement, it is our firm and unalterable conviction, that we are very considerably within bounds. "Now then," says our friend, the banker, "what is to become of us?" Our reply to this very natural enquiry is, "Do precisely the very reverse of what the ancients of the old stage coach and inn systems did, and don't stick your hands into your breeches pockets, or those of your Taglion's and Chesterfield's, and swear at us as they did at the railways; but form yourselves into a Phalanx, and join us; share in our profits, and aid us with your talents." "But our *independence* would be gone!" My friend, independence has taken many a man by the hand, and shut him up in jail. If Adam had kicked Eve out of Eden



when he first saw her, because he wished to be *independent*, we guess he would have very shortly found out his mistake ; independence it was which peopled the infernal regions, and the more a man strives to render himself independent of his fellow, the more dependent will he be. An independent man is at strife with his Maker, and at issue with himself; and the more a human being seeks and furthers the interests of his fellow-creatures, in so great a comparative degree does he advance his own individual interests.

Solomon was aware of this, and he acted upon the principle of association and mutual combination. We now adopt that of individual aggrandizement and separate interests, and the evil of such a plan, as applied to a large and increasing community, are too painfully and fearfully obvious to be now commented or enlarged upon. Our monetary system, like that of trade, or any other societal occupation, is unfair from first to last; it is a system of ruinous speculation, and isolated advantage, of unceasing strife, and an alternation from the highest pinnacle of prosperity, to the deepest abyss of misery and degradation; the fault rests entirely with ourselves. We resemble wreckers rather than pilots, the ruin of our neighbour's bark is hailed as a foundation of our own fortunes, and in the end we shall find that if we persist in the system, our own destruction will inevitably ensue.

## PART III.

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### CHAP. I.

#### THE EDUCATIONAL PHALANX.

As in every associative establishment all the inhabitants will be regularly classified, and none appointed to perform duties for which they are not evidently by nature and qualification adapted, it will be requisite in forming these classes to use a much greater degree of discrimination and sound judgment, than is now thought necessary in the formation of our households. To begin with the Educational part of the institution, we must commence with the choice of nurses and attendants upon the infant rooms; these will not be selected as now, simply because a person wishes his or her daughter to go into a nursery, but we should be much inclined to leave the choice of nurses principally to the children themselves. At a first view we are perfectly aware this notion will be scouted as in the last degree absurd; but we have watched children narrowly, and we also remember our own childish

opinion upon the same subject. Children, long before they can walk or utter a single word, have an instinctive dislike to, or liking for, certain persons and things, and we hold it as an established maxim, that until they are able to reason, this instinctive principle ought to be regarded as most sacred, and their wishes and comfort on this head to be attentively watched, and scrupulously regarded. A child's judgment is always unbiassed, and oftentimes much sounder than that of a grown-up person; and herein the wise and merciful dispensation of a kind Providence is most remarkable. Unable to express by words their wishes, or their wants, their instinct is infinitely keener than when their reason matures to supply its place. Therefore we should most certainly, in the choice of attendants upon children, be guided by every display of their own feelings upon the subject.

Such as were deemed by the committee fit for the office, or any other candidates for the situation of nurse, would be permitted to enter upon trial, provided no absolute disqualification of temper, &c., rendered them unfit. They would be taken into the first class, which again would be divided and subdivided, so as to allow all to partake of an equal number of hours of recreation and bodily refreshment. The next class would be of what are now termed nursery governesses, but of a superior stamp from those of the present day; as any thing ap-

proaching to vulgarity, or lowness of manner, must be most carefully avoided. All persons qualifying for such an office would first have to undergo a routine of education themselves, and persons of mature age, such as now keep dame schools, would be the fittest candidates for such a place as this.

We hold it as an act of almost cruelty to apporportion this task to young women, who at the age when we generally confine them to the duties of a nursery-governess, ought themselves to be laying in a stock of health, qualifying for maternal duties, and forming their own minds, by attention to subjects which cannot by any possibility be interesting to little children. Widows, and those who preferred a single life to matrimony, would here find their proper sphere; and the liveliness of children would in some measure tend to alleviate the solitariness of their feelings. From them the education of the boys would be entrusted to a tutor, and of the girls to a governess, both classes educated expressly for the situations; and the children of both sexes to have the advantage of professors of their own sex, in the various branches of literature and accomplishments. These too must undergo revision; there is no sensible reason why a young female should not learn mathematics, astronomy, or architecture, or natural history, if she evinces a disposition for such studies.

Mrs. Somerville has furnished a splendid example

of what the real composition of the female mind consists, and by the development of the natural powers, and the total overthrow of the horribly pernicious system of the female boarding schools of the present day,—a system alike destructive to mind and body, health and intellect,—we hope to shew to the world that women are fit to occupy a higher station in the social scale, than our present jealous, unjust, and narrow-minded prejudices are willing to concede to them. The Almighty never sent girls into the world to be chained down to the English Grammar, Thomson's Seasons, Hume's History of England, and a horrible burlesque of music, mis-called a piano, (a detestable machine, enough to eradicate every note of harmony the children's minds possess,) for eight or ten years; no, all girls have a talent for something, and that talent ought to be most carefully sought for; when found, developed; and all the rest would follow as mere necessary adjuncts, for the furtherance of that one peculiar qualification. We should upon this system find a number of young women appear upon the stage of life who really were fit for something; whereas now, when a young lady leaves school, it is difficult to imagine what she is fit for; unless it be to furnish an unhappy wife for a discontented husband.

But to leave the young ladies, and return to their brothers and cousins; whatever faculty a boy ex-

hibited as a prominent characteristic, whether it were for literature, science, the arts, medicine, travelling, agriculture, or gardening, he would be indulged to the utmost in his choice ; and one result would be that every shade of learning which in any way threw light upon the subject of his thoughts, would be greedily devoured, and so far from being considered as a task, would be his greatest pleasure. True, all would not be smatterers as they now are ; but we should have a far greater number of really wise men, with well regulated minds, from being allowed to occupy those minds with subjects they delighted in ; less time would be spent in idleness, if any ; vacuity of thought would vanish, and no restraint being put upon their rational desires, the irrational would find no place to dwell in, or nothing to what they now do.

Our present system is to teach all boys the same things ; ninety-nine minds out of a hundred reject the food, and their whole attention is absorbed in trying how they can most easily shirk or evade the task imposed upon them. We therefore propose that associations of naturalists, of botanists, of chemists, of linguists, architects, divines, &c., be formed, and the boy or youth allowed to attach himself to any one which he might select, or spend part of his time with one, part with another ; few would wish for the change, because at each institution which was peculiarly appropriated to the study of the sub-

ject most agreeable to his mind, he would have advantages in the use of implements, instruments, &c. &c., which he could not enjoy elsewhere.

Under all circumstances corporeal punishment must be entirely done away with in the educational establishments, as we hold that corporeal punishment is only to be inflicted by the hand of the parent, or the jurisdiction of the law; therefore every breach of the rule or right would be subjected to magisterial investigation, for which purpose special arrangements are to be made, as will be explained hereafter. The inducement to do evil being abrogated, it is thought the development of evil will be less and less perceptible; *real not partial or illusory* encouragement being afforded to virtue, it is also thought would prove a strong incentive to its practice.

Having now conducted the boys to the second stage of their educational progress, we will proceed to state our ideas on the head of Collegiate education, the third branch of the Phalansterian educational system, according to our notions of progressive advance in knowledge, and the second chapter of this division of our subject.

## CHAP. II.

### THE COLLEGIATE PHALANX.

A RE-ORGANIZATION of the modern very confused system of collegiate education would be found indispensable, after our youth had undergone a course of instruction similar to that described in our last chapter, and with all deference and submission to the Dons and Wise Men of Oxford and Cambridge, truth compels us to say, that in our humble opinion the plan we now adopt towards those whom we consign to the adoption of Alma Mater, is quite as well calculated to turn out block-heads, sceptics, and *roués*, as it is to furnish the mother country with firm, staunch supporters of their faith,—with men of talent and of worth, sound judgment, or any valuable mental qualification. Now we would suggest a division of labour here, as well as elsewhere; and instead of every college teaching, or professing to teach (synonymous terms in these days) every thing, we think that if Trinity College were expressly devoted to the instruction of those who were intended for the ministry, Queen's College to chemistry, St. John's to the legal profession, another to medicine, a fifth to astronomy, a sixth to something else, and so on, a much more



regular and useful routine of education would be developed, and a much greater certainty of sound instruction obtained.

We here beg to object in toto to the profanation of Divine names as applied to colleges, such as Trinity, Jesus or Christ's College; in the mouths of idle, dissipated young men these sacred names are often blasphemed; the mention of them is thought a good joke, and with deep feelings of pain and indignation have we witnessed this. It is a subject well worthy of the attentive consideration of those in power, and those members of our church who have never yet thought upon the subject: *it is an evil, that is indubitable, and it is also an incontrovertible fact, that their veto is all that is requisite for its entire removal.* We pray them to think seriously about this matter.

But to return to our more immediate subject, regularity begets regularity, and order order, there-in the event of a distributive system of instruction being adopted, each young man on entering his college, would find himself prepared to follow up that particular branch of study he had been engaging his mind upon previously; he would find every facility afforded for any degree of progress he felt capable of making; his attention would be undivided, and moreover he would feel entirely at home with those topics of instruction which met his desire to learn. That this would be a manifest

advantage gained, few we think will deny ; and that such a gratification of intellectual desire would in a great measure supersede factitious desires, is a very probable, at least, if not a certain sequence of the system. In addition to the particular branch of learning or science which any student might select, he would be free to attend the public lectures on any subject which would be given in the different halls, schools, or lecture-rooms ; though this would be an entirely optional matter. Degrees would be accorded to every class of student, whether Divinity, Mathematics, or Science, Law, Medicine, or any other branch of learning ; thus all would have an equal chance of signaling themselves in some way or other, and a much wider field of gaining instruction, likely to be useful to the general community, opened to all, than is now the case.

A young man now goes to College for three years ; during that term so many different duties are required of him, all perhaps, or with one or two exceptions only, equally irksome to his nature ; few if any of the college studies interest him ; if he wishes to take a high degree, he is morally certain that he must sacrifice health, and many other most valuable considerations, to attain that single object ; and he is further aware that even when attained, the chances are against his receiving any thing like a compensation for the trials and fatigues

he has undergone and his diminished health. This is clearly contrary to every law of nature, and most indubitably by no means essential to his filling that station, and performing those duties for which his Maker sent him into this world. Should he relinquish the aim, his time is spent in vacuity or hurtful pleasure; no occupation for which his talents are adapted presents itself, and he of course endeavours to wile away his time as he best may, and the foundation of a life of ennui is often laid at the University; pleasure, so miscalled, usurps the place of useful occupation, and vice is its almost inseparable companion.

On leaving College therefore he enters the world palled and satiated, unfit for the more refined delights of existence, with a mind vapid and wanting stimulus to any thing like right feeling. If his fortune be limited, he has nothing to look forward to but some profession, to which he betakes himself as to an unpleasant task—a mere matter of necessity; which he most unquestionably would have nothing to do with, could he exist independently without it. He then marries probably, and the old tale of a burdensome family, a discontented mind, and a small income is repeated. The evils which such a system as this entails upon society are incalculable, and to this source are traceable a vast number of those misfortunes, which are now attributed *en masse* to the corruption of human nature.

The same remarks apply to the method adopted at our schools both public and private; whether a boy has talent or not, whatever be his inclination, ~~one~~ unvarying routine of his study is adopted, and the minds of the boys are ruined by the process. An artificial state of existence is the result. An artificial mode of thinking ensues, a young man looks forward to being what is termed his own master, as to a sort of paradise; and when this period arrives, the consequences are fearful. By nature inclined to evil, forced to acquire habits of action and thought totally foreign to the bent of his native disposition, he throws off all restraint, and vice having been the most pleasurable occupation he has been engaged in during the scholastic and collegiate periods of his existence, it has in a great measure become habitual; and artificial stimulus of some kind or other, mental or corporeal, is absolutely necessary to render existence tolerable. That this was ever the intention of a beneficent Creator we never will believe; for it is subversive of every principle of order, utility, or common sense. Evils of a most aggravated nature, public as well as domestic, must ever be the result of systems such as this; the argument that all or nearly all of our most accomplished politicians, orators, divines, and authors having undergone the course, is no argument in its favour. It is here asserted that theirs are, or were, minds which would have shone under

any circumstances, and probably with a tenfold lustre under a better system. Every institution seems to require re-organization, and the more the associative measure is developed, the more apparent will its beauties and benefits become ; it is a stage on the journey towards perfection, and though entire perfectibility is unattainable here, that is no reason why we should persist in the retrograde path we are now pursuing.

## CHAP. III.

### THE MINISTERIAL PHALANX.

As a fitting sequent of the collegiate, we will now take under consideration the associative combination of those who are expressly designed by choice for the ministry of the Divine Word of God, pastors of the flock of Christ's church; those who devote themselves to feed, not to prey upon that flock. We enter upon the subject with much diffidence, feeling how much consideration is due to those whose business it is to teach us to walk in that narrow path, which our blessed Saviour himself has declared all must enter upon who hope to inherit a mansion in his glorious kingdom; but when we reflect upon the course of education which these our shepherds are compelled to undergo, it is a matter of much marvel to us how they can truly and conscientiously assert that they believed themselves "called" to exercise their holy vocation. Sadly do we fear that the only "call" with many is a good benefice, an hereditary living, or a prospect of influential patronage; harsh language this may seem to some, but the subject is one of such awful and overwhelming import, that half terms used in reference thereto would be worse than none.

We have seen men brought up to minor professions, who upon the prospect of great patronage have suddenly considered themselves "called" to the Church, and have entered its gates, and taken possession of the living. Again we have seen men, who when small advantage offered of doing any thing in life for themselves, have taken upon them the cure of a parish as a means of subsistence; and when prosperous times have occurred, have at once thrown off the gown and cassock, "turned their backs upon the plough," and returned to the world they professed to have forsaken for the service of their God. Sad, melancholy instances these of dereliction and presumption, for which a heavy reckoning must come, and for which retribution must and will be required, however flourishing and prosperous their present circumstances may appear.

An associative community of such materials as these it would be impossible to form; but we are not here to sit in judgment upon others, our object is to address the true evangelical supporters of the faith we profess, and upon these men we would earnestly call to unite and aid us in the endeavour to pull down the strongholds of sin and satan, and erect in their stead a temple, unworthy indeed, but the best our frail nature will admit of, to the honour, the praise, and the glory of Him who has said that he will condescend to dwell with those who are of an humble and a contrite spirit. We look upon

the ministerial Phalanx, or associative community, as the key-stone of the whole edifice we wish to erect, and as such it should be composed of a substance whole and undivided in all its composition; but when we look around and into society, we find that such a stone is wanting; true, we find the material, but it is in such scattered, disjointed, and minute fragments, that they are totally unserviceable for the purpose to which we would wish to adapt them. We find schisms, divisions, and differences every where; nothing like union or combination, excepting among the enemies of the church; and they, taking advantage of our disunions, are fast destroying that paternal bond of concord which formerly kept the bundle of sticks together.

We are tempted then to inquire the meaning of all this, and in our search for causes we find the following among the most prominent. The arch-fiend of Puseyism is slowly but steadily infusing his deadly poison into our ministerial system; we mark his approach as that of a devouring wolf in sheep's clothing, who seeks to devour the flock while the shepherd is lulled in the sleep of fancied security; here and there one more awake than the rest exclaims against his approach, but afraid to attack the beast single-handed, allows him to carry away the lambs from his master's flock one after another. He thinks that all that is required of



him is to warn the sheep that there are such evil beasts as wolves, but does he protect his flock? Ask how it is done,—one or two sermons on the Sunday, a Sabbath-school, and the education of the mill or the factory for the remaining six days in the week; lax doctrine from the pulpit, and an enervated listless performance of the sacred duties of his calling; or if not lax doctrine, an abstruse, mystical explanation of doctrinal points, immaterial to the salvation of souls, perfectly unintelligible, and consequently uninteresting to the main portion of the congregation; a placing of the prayers and hymns and spiritual songs, in which all the assembly may join, in a secondary light compared with the sermon; and thereby defeating the main aim and intent of the public worship of God,—converting the pulpit into a rostrum, and the church into an assembly of starving souls. No wonder that our meeting-houses are filled; no marvel that men run from one wind of doctrine to another, unable to find wholesome pasturage any where, or in a few, very few, favored localities only; they wander here and there for meat, and are the prey of those grievous wolves which we have admitted, voluntarily admitted, within the very gates of the fold.

Ask you how we dare to assert such a fact as this?—look at your legislative assembly, read your Catholic emancipation act; voluntarily have you placed the mark of the beast on the forehead of that

legislature, and you wonder that you should be called upon to reap the first-fruits of the seed you have sown in the crop of Puseyism and idolatry, which is on all sides springing up around your fold, and on which you may most assuredly depend that your flock will feed, unless you supply them with more wholesome and more palatable food, and in greater abundance than you now do. Cease to hold social meetings for the avowed purpose of splitting straws, nay *hairs*, on abstruse, difficult points of doctrine; they may edify yourselves, or rather you may be satisfied with such food, but they will minister nothing to the edification of those entrusted to your charge. Meet, we would say, combinedly, array yourselves into a Phalanx of shepherds, and drive the hungry devourer of souls from your fold; collect the wandering and the feeble flock, feed them with the sincere milk of the word, not with the strong meat of hard doctrine, and you may rest certain that your lambs will grow thereby. Give them the plain food your blessed Lord and Master gave his sheep, and seek not to dish it up according to any wild fashion which may happen to suit your own particular palate. The church was not built for the preacher, but for the need of the congregation; the fold was erected for the flock, not for the shepherd. But we would again and again urge the Phalansterian principle of combination upon your notice, you can do *nothing*

singly, the wolves are too powerful and too numerous for you ; but despair not, " More are those who are for you than those who be against you ;" acknowledge that you have slumbered, and by earnest and redoubled activity, by *co-operative and determined energy*, rise up as one man, and expel the enemy from the fold ; aid those too who wish to enlist under the same banner with you. Bear with us if we have awakened you somewhat roughly, these are not times to work with our eyes half closed—the plague is begun, and we who are sufferers implore you not to desert us in this our hour of need ; but to take the incense of prayer, cry mightily unto the Lord, and stand between the living and the dead ; it may be, he will hear the voice of His true shepherds even at this the eleventh hour.

If you inquire how this is to be effected, we say again to the true evangelical church of Christ *unite*, come out from among the wolves in sheep's clothing, which are now devouring your flocks ; unite in the determination not to send your sons to schools or colleges where the foul plague-spot is to be found ; rather than thus risk their souls, bring them up to labour with their hands for their support ; unite to inquire, " Who is on the Lord's side ?" and having discovered those who have remained true to their first faith, leave the others to that fate which sooner or later must await them.

Unite in petitioning your temporal and spiritual rulers, to re-consider the fatal step they took in admitting the destructive heresy into their councils: hesitate not, it may be a bold measure, but the urgency of the case requires it; you will never prosper while the canker remains, and each succeeding year will find it eating into the very vitals of your religion. Already have we seen the oaths of supremacy and abjuration all but erased from the rolls of our constitution; the oath of allegiance will be the next point of attack, and in their stead will, if you prevent it not, be substituted, the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to the dragon of Papacy, and the oath of abjuration against the religion of your God, your country, and that faith for which your forefathers willingly laid down their lives; for which the apostles suffered martyrdom, and your blessed Redeemer came down to earth to establish, will you tamely stand by and witness these things? will you content yourselves with crying "the wolf, the wolf, the church is in danger!" and will you not use those means to defend that church which your Maker has placed within your reach? Arouse yourselves, and show yourselves men, adopt the co-operative system, and the preventive system; send forth your emissaries to seek those who are yet not stricken with the plague, and join with one voice and one mind (laying aside all immaterial points of difference) in the prayer for Divine illumi-

nation and aid, and in a public and united denunciation against the heresy which is destroying the foundation of your edifice, the church of our God. Then search well if there be any smaller root of bitterness, and if there be pull it up, spare it not ; your reward will be certain hereafter, it is assured to you already, and here you will meet with the grateful thanks and prayers of that flock who will greet you as their defenders, as shepherds worthy to bear the name of their great prototype, the chief Shepherd. Be not dismayed as those who have no hope ; your church, though for a time she may be cast down, will not, blessed be God, ever be destroyed ; but in pity to your flocks come forward to their relief, and unanimously uplift your voices against the crimes, the enormous vices, of your country, and chiefly against that fell heresy which has crept into our ecclesiastical constitution ; that moral consumption, which while it gives a fairer colour to her cheek, is but the sure and certain mark of the fatal disease which rages within, and which, unless you use the means your Divine Physician has so abundantly furnished you with, will eventually leave you nothing but the inanimate corpse, the body without the living spirit. Refuse to send your Sunday-school children to the mills or factories, or your own children to establishments where the slightest taint exists ; you will then find that the wolves of Roman Catholicism and Puseyism

must be driven to seek for food elsewhere. Let them appear if they do show themselves in society, as marked men ; refuse them a voice in your legislative assemblies, your public institutions, or your public meetings ; come out from among them, as the Israelites did from the company of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram ; touch not the unclean thing, for poison is in it, a fatal venom which once imbibed will destroy your precious souls. If they must exist, let them exist alone, as a beacon and a warning to the idol shepherd ; if they will remain in their stronghold, Oxford, desert the University, and leave it to them ; rather send your sons as colonists to a distant land, than risk their immortal welfare by placing them in the way of infection. If in defiance of every persuasion you send them there, and the poison should take effect, at your hand will their souls be required ; and in those direful regions where hope never enters, the curses of your offspring, and those committed to your charge, will unceasingly arise to embitter the already overwhelming thought, that to you was attributable the loss of all they once held as most sacred and most dear.

Come then, and let us prepare for the war ; address your archbishops, your bishops, and your archdeacons, call upon them to head your army, and then unitedly seek first for aid from your Heavenly Leader, and strong in faith, and in the hope of those

promises He has vouchsafed to give you, boldly claim the assistance of your temporal rulers, and of that gracious and beloved Queen, whom our God has so mercifully placed here to rule over us. You may think yourselves but a little band, and fear to attack the legion which threatens to annihilate, but remember the prophet Elisha, remember Gideon, remember Joshua; think again of Pharaoh's host, and take courage. Again we repeat, more are they who are for you, than those who are against you; for with you you have the armies of the Living God, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of angels, all waiting to defend you and your cause; fear not, therefore, but be very courageous. Nineveh was spared upon its repentance, and though our sins be as many as the sand of the sea for multitude, "who can tell if God will (upon our true repentance and forsaking of our present evil way) turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not," if we act faithfully with him as did the Ninevites of old.

Set your faces also against the minor causes of evil, the beer-shop, and the incitements to sin, which exist to your shame among your parishioners; you may consider these as the business of the secular association, but if you cannot singly heal this sore of the daughter of your people, why do you not in a body claim the aid of your secular and magisterial brethren, and demand, as is your indu-

bitable right, the amendment or the annihilation of these crying evils? Remember that you war not only against idols and idolatry, but against high places and secret wickedness; destroy the springs, and you cut off the stream; cut off the streams, and you evaporate the ocean; would that you could do all this! but much, very much is in your power. Meet to pray for light, and to discuss such subjects as these, and the profit will accrue, not to yourselves only, but to your children and your flocks; yours will be a Phalanx under whose banner every true soldier of your blessed Master will readily enlist; and combinedly you will form the key-stone of that fabric, which not all the assaults of men or demons will be able to shake; for it is founded upon the Rock, the Rock of Ages—that sure foundation, that Corner Stone, which may not be removed, for that Rock is Christ himself.



## CHAP. IV.

### THE NAVAL PHALANX.

WHEN we compare the advance of Science in relation to Maritime affairs, with the same advance in our inland and domestic economy, we are much struck with the obvious favor which has been shewn to the latter. True it is that by the aid of steam and ships of large tonnage, the American continent is reached now in a very short space of time, and our Indian communication is likewise comparatively much facilitated; still we imagine that naval science, naval architecture, and oceanic travelling are far, very far behind the age we live in, when placed in comparison with our landsmen's "notions," lubbers though we be. Neither is there the degree of certainty, despatch, or security, which we might naturally look for in this enlightened time. There is no reason to be assigned why the journey by water to New York should not be made with the same comparative ease, rapidity, and certainty, and with as small risk, as a trip from London to Liverpool or Birmingham; and unless we are very blind indeed, can we see any just cause or impediment why we should not run over to the 'West Indies, the Cape, or Australia, with the same degree of com-

posure, serenity and ease, as we now do to Bristol, Bridgewater, or Edinburgh. Now we can fancy that we hear some old weather-beaten son of the sea exclaiming "Avast there, my hearty, haul in your jib a little, take a reef in mainsail, and down with your topsails, or you'll be ashore in no time." Good advice this, old boy, if you and we were aboard a 74 in *the* bay, in which case we would be off to the cabin, and leave you clear decks to work upon, with pleasure; but we have a strange fancy in our heads that you have all unitedly taken an immense deal of trouble, to do what might have been done with one-hundredth part less trouble, danger, or difficulty, and, moreover, you have been very scurvily treated into the bargain; so just "belay all that," shut your potatoe trap, listen to the yarn we are spinning, and tell us what you think of it arterwards.

Now in the first place divest yourselves of all idea that we despise you or "the Service;" on the contrary, we hold you in the highest estimation, and we think if you were rewarded in due proportion to the services you have rendered, and still do render us, your condition as regards finances, and two or three other little matters, would be infinitely better than it now is, or ever can be under our present system of Society, nautical or lubberly. We admire a first-rate, much, it is a beautiful object, it "walks the waters as a thing of life;" but it does

so with too much state for us, and it gets along desperately slow at the quickest; with all those wings, and ropes, and jim-cracks, the creature ought to fly one would think. Now, I daresay, you will think us a regular long-shore-going quill-driver for making such remarks as these, but we will merely request you to "stopper your jaw" for a few minutes longer. When we look at a first-rate then, spreading her wings for a run down to the Cape, or Madeira, or the Western Islands, we are inclined to ask, "is the fellow mad to trust himself in such a cock-boat as that, on such a mighty expanse of water; why he might as well go fishing in a wash-tub, and he would run as good a chance of being drowned, if that is what he wishes." And our conclusive opinion as regards the first-rate is just this, that it would be an exceedingly pretty ornament to put under a glass-case, and to be placed on Neptune's mantelpiece, as a curiosity, d' ye see? and to prove what a very ingenious race of creatures the inhabitants of this globe are. We do not, mind you, for a moment, dispute the possibility of your navigating the ocean in a ship such as you are now sent out in, any more than we doubt the feasibility of traversing a duck pond in a brewing tub, which last voyage we have frequently performed ourselves; but we do say, that you incur very great hazard, and we think it a very great pity, you should be compelled so to do. Moreover, though

your ships are first-rate, A. 1., at Lloyd's and all that, possibly our ideas may not be entitled to those mystic figures; but, nevertheless, let us go on with our yarn.

Now if we were going to build a ship for the sea, we would first set to work and collect a Phalanx. "Holloa, what ship's that?" exclaims one of our auditors, "there's no ship of that name in the Service." Perhaps not, but again do we assert that we see no reason why there should not be. However we would get a number of men together, and make a company or phalanx, which means the same thing, together. And we would say to them, "Now that's the Atlantic, d' ye see, or the Jarman ocean, or the channel, or, in short, any piece of water big enough for a herring pond, and now d' ye see I want to cross it d' ye see, and I've no fancy to them bits of cockle shells you call first-rates, and Rhadamanthuses, steamers, and all manner of jaw-breaking names; I want to build a thing *in proportion* d' ye see to the bit of water we're intending to cross; and what's more, if you'll help me, I'll do it with the blessing of Heaven upon our endeavours; for without that, my lads, you'd better lay your ships up in a dry dock at once. Well then I'll measure this here herring pond, or as that's done already, I'll calculate, as the Yankees say, somehow after this fashion, — if it takes a brewing tub five feet long and two wide, drawing three inches of

water, to carry me across a duck pond fifty yards wide and a hundred yards long, how big a brewing tub will it take to carry me, and two or three or ten thousand men across that 'ere herring pond, with the same ease and certainty d'ye see? Now that's not a very difficult sum; and having got through it, without going to Dr. Burney's, we set to work and build, not a first-rate certainly, but a sort of a catamaran, a two, or three, or twelve decker, as you please; though we think two are enough, somewhere about a mile or two or more long, and as broad as you like, with no gingerbread about it, but lots of good sound logs of wood, iron, and india rubber. 'Tween decks we'll have regular built rooms, storehouses, and all manner of knick-knackeries, and a hundred or so of cottages, and a few trifles of that sort, for the accommodation of the engineers, and the ship's crew of the Phalanx. Now all around this kind of a catamaran we'll put machinery to be worked by the wind, the tides, and the waves, things you have been battling against and kicking at, and they at you, all your lives hitherto, and you've got the worst of it I reckon; but now we'll just make friends of 'em, and ask 'em to help us d'ye see? and if you ask 'em perlutely, they'll be sure to be accommo-dating you may be sartain. Now when we have done, and got all things trim and taut, we'll have a heave at the anchors, and take a quarter of an hour's ex-

perimental run over to Dublin Bay from Liverpool, just to see how the engines work and all that sort of thing, and shake every thing down into it's proper place ; and the consequence will be, that you will find, instead of meeting with opposition from the waves, currents, winds, and such like, you would get along like an ice-berg, a-drift ; only with this slight difference, that the mechanical power you will have at command will enable you to go just where you please. Now who would mind going to sea on an ice-berg, if they knew it would hold together, and go wherever they wished ? Not a man John is there among you who wouldn't take to the ice-berg in a gale of wind, in preference to the best first-rate that ever yet was launched.

There is one point to be taken into due consideration, however, with these new-fangled catamarans of ours, and it is this, when you get into the Indian ocean, or anywhere among those little dots we see on the map, marked as Maldives, Phillipines, Celebes, you must be particularly careful not to run slap against any of them, for if you do, ten to one but you shave the top clean off from one end to the other, inhabitants, cocoa-nut trees, tobacco gardens, and all, a disaster you won't very readily repair ; so to prevent this, we will just carry a few of your second-rate steamers on board our catamaran, and anchor a few miles off shore, and send these second rates with their attendant satellites, the shore-going

boats, to transact business for us; bring off passengers, emigrants, and all kinds of live lumber or other requisites. You may as well have a dry and a wet dock or two on board, as they will serve to amuse and occupy your men; besides as many of your passengers will then be men of science, and travellers in search of fresh wonders and fresh habitations, you will require many things for a sea trip which are not thought of now, and all this must be adequately provided for.

Now, my lads, how do you like our yarn. Your answer is "you cannot be serious." Not serious; perhaps not, but for all that we mean what we say, and what's more, we say that the machines are actually invented, and ready for you to avail yourselves of whenever it may suit your fancy to make use of them. Some few years ago we were in Woolwich dock-yard, in company with a post-captain of the navy, who, thinking to surprise us, shewed us what he thought a very large ship; and our reply, on being asked if we were not surprised, was this, "No, not at all, and if you can build a ship of 500 or 1000 tons, we don't see why you could not build one of 2000 or 3000. We were told that such enormous machines would be totally unmanageable; but for all that we stupidly "held our own," and in two or three years forth started the *Sirius*, the *Great Western*, and the *British Queen*, and a few trifles of that description. Still we are

disposed to "hold our own" in the present instance, and say if you can build such as these, which in comparison with the brewing tub are certainly something worth talking about, we do not at all see why you should not build others, which shall bear the same proportion to the Mammoth, or the Indus, that *they* do to the brewing utensil aforesaid; and with this very manifest advantage, that rough materials would suffice, and whatever decoration you chose to apply, would be adapted to the interior of the rooms and cottages; and all that would be required of the catamaran itself would be water-tightness and the faculty of floating, which wood, we are told, usually possesses.

On a visit we paid to the Rhine some years ago, we looked with curious eye at the rafts which float on that river, and we thought the people who dwelt thereupon seemed much more comfortable with their families about them than mariners usually do; the whole thing we thought so much more natural, that we could not help exclaiming "why don't the people think of building *sea-going* rafts as well as *river-going* rafts?" Our idea is that *strength* is the main qualification, and wood brought thus from the shores of the immense forests of the tropics, might be floated to the ports of our colonies where wood was wanted, and there sold; the cottages thereupon would serve for emigrants at once, and instead of advertisements appearing in the



papers that "the fast sailing clipper Quebec will leave Liverpool for Port Philip on the 20th of April instant, carrying an experienced (?) surgeon on board," who, poor fellow, was perhaps never at sea in his life before, and is villainously sea-sick for more than half the passage,—you would read thus, "On such a day Admiral, or Commander, or Captain So-and-so, R. N. K. H. K. C. B., will hoist his flag on board H. M. Floating Island, the Phalanx No. 1,"—her usual rate of progression being 1000 miles per day, she will probably reach the Cape on — Bengal — and the Antipodes on —.

Now under such a system we affirm, that "the Service" would be altogether a very different sort of thing from what it is now, and a catamaran, though rather a queer-looking object at first, would be found infinitely more comfortable than any first-rate; and would cost very little more, if any, than one of those exquisite little models of six-and-thirty or seventy-four guns, which we now take such a vast deal of pains to construct, and of which we are obliged to take as much care when they are afloat, as if they were made of glass or barley-sugar; and the men you crowd on board these toys, are compelled to live a life, which if they were not afraid of sharks, drowning, and a few secondary considerations of that kind, to say nothing of the cat and the yard-arm, they would prefer taking to swimming rather than endure. Now here, every thing would go

on with the utmost regularity; you would have a church on board, and a chaplain, but no black cats. The speed you could command would render any necessity for sailing on the Sabbath entirely out of the question, and it is to be hoped you would feel grateful to that Providence which had placed such an additional means of comfort within your reach, and which had so materially lessened and alleviated your labours. You would be under no danger of being run down of a dark night, and your lights on board would be sufficiently numerous and distinct to warn any cockle-shells of your approach.

Having thus given you a brief sketch of our ideas upon "nauticals," we call upon you to work those ideas out, a task in which we willingly proffer our humble aid, as few things could give us more genuine pleasure than the being able to render some valuable assistance to those brave defenders of our dear little island, who have perilled so much for our protection, and whom we have hitherto rewarded so shabbily, so insignificantly, and so inadequately for their services,—to our shame be it written. We owe you much reparation, and as far as we are individually concerned, it is our anxious wish to make some compensation, and that too of a nature which shall redound to the credit of our country, as much as to your comfort, improvement of condition, and elevation in the social scale. But

we must lay an especial embargo upon the opium trade, or any wholesale destruction of Chinese junks; practices which we hold in the utmost abhorrence, as being utterly subversive of the principle of doing unto others as we wish them to do unto us.

## CHAP. V.

### THE AGRARIAN PHALANX.

HAVING spent an hour or two very agreeably with our nautical friends, a most enlivening, albeit a very neglected class of our brethren, we will now go ashore, and pass the evening with the agriculturists. We have shown the sailors how to plough the ocean to the best advantage, and by way of change will try our hand at land-tillage, with the permission of the owners. We had not at first made up our mind whether to separate the landlords from the tenantry, and so to form two distinct associative bodies; but on mature deliberation it seems to us that their relative interests are and ought to be so wholly inseparable, that to attempt to make any distinction would be a decided act of injustice to both. Therefore we determined upon the adoption of the term "agrarian" as significant of a combination of the two classes into one Phalanx, or community; a sort of agricultural bundle of sticks, which, so long as they kept together, fast bound by one common bond or tie, *i. e.* the land, folks might do their worst to injure or to break them; but if they were ever disunited, might soon become the prey of any designing rascal who wished to convert

them to purposes of his own ; the result of which would be, that the large sticks would be used as walking-sticks, to support the erratic steps of the said designing rascals, and the little sticks (the tenants) would be broken to pieces, and scattered here and there, and left to decay.

The different agricultural societies in England are acting somewhat upon the associative system, but with all due deference to them, we take leave to assert, that so long as they hold the production of money to be the chief end they aim at for the good of society, they are lighting their candle at the wrong end, and the result is, that it flares away now and then with a most extraordinary blaze, and swills away a great deal of material, which would be more serviceable if husbanded with rather more care and discretion. One of our modern great agricultural meetings, with all its paraphernalia of uncommon oxen and cows, extra uncommon swine, super-superfine sheep, and implements, the curiosity of which might induce Commissioner Lin himself to visit England for the purpose of inspecting them, is a serious undertaking ; and to prove how serious we think it, it takes a whole county, six months to provide for its reception,—a royal progress would be as nothing in comparison ; and as we of the associative school always wish to see a corresponding degree of good to be the immediate follower upon any large undertaking or outlay

whatsoever, we confess that on this particular point our expectations are somewhat nonplused; we witness a marvellous quantum of bustle, fatigue, care, anxiety, and competition; we hear of such a dinner being eaten, and such a number of dinners to eat, and so many ladies going full-dressed to be astonished at the feats of the eaters and their speeches, as rather astounds our weak faculties of comprehension; and the question "*Cui bono?*" will intrude itself most impertinently, in spite of all our efforts to be polite. We hold that agricultural associations, having in view the advance of the science, and the improvement of mankind, as well as oxkind, swinekind, or any other kind, are among the best of many excellent devices. But we still think that as yet we are somewhat in the dark as to the best mode of effecting our very desirable project; it is still morning with us, and the mist is not yet cleared away, though from the state of the agricultural barometer, we have every reason to hope for a glorious day, and for this we ought to be duly prepared.

We hail with joy and delight therefore the advance of agricultural association, it is the first step towards gradual and certain improvement; but in our eagerness we must not overlook real and substantial advantages which lie at our doors, and run after what we cannot exactly define; but a certain something which we think we see in the distance, and

which we believe to be what we are seeking to obtain. It would be well to pause, and inquire what that something is, for most assuredly had it been a prize-ox or a leviathan pig, or some very odd mummy wheat, or any thing of that sort, we should have been at the end of our journey long ago; as Smithfield and the Baker Street Bazaar can amply testify.

As a further illustration of our meaning, and of the simile we have employed, of a candle lit at the "latter" or "western end," we beg in the most delicate way in the world to say, that we do not think that the very meritorious design of raising the position of the farmer or his workman in the social scale, is likely to be realized by the mode we now adopt, *videlicet*, that of encouraging them to spend more money than they can afford in over-fattening an elephantine ox, or gorging a poor misfortunate pig, until it can literally neither see or stand; in the first place the thing is contrary to nature, and this we hold to be a rule of the utmost importance; secondly, we do not think the profit is proportionate to the outlay either of food for the beast, or talent, skill, and attention on the part of the farmer; thirdly, the prizes allotted are so preposterously Lilliputian, when offered as a reward for perhaps one or two years' trouble and anxiety, that we are strongly tempted to call to mind certain little bits of elegant substances, called barley-sugar,

and sugar-candy, which in days of yore were offered to our notice, to keep the children from crying, or from doing something very naughty.

Now we do most highly commend the Phalansterian plan of Agricultural Associative Combination, as adopted by the landlords and landowners of England and other countries; but we do think that if at their annual exhibitions they would show to us a gradually rising race of men (after the fashion of our favorite railway establishments again) in addition to prize-cattle, we should be much more gratified than we now are. By a rising race of men, we do not mean a set of young chaps who, in imitation of those who have nothing better to do, spend half the year in risking their necks after what they consider to be nothing better than vermin; and who also strive to imitate them in matters of horse-dealing, and two or three other qualifications needless here to allude to. But we wish to see men of real sound improving intellect, men accustomed to think seriously upon the nature and tendency of their occupation; not men to whom a joke or a witty after-dinner speech is every thing, but rational beings, who look deeper than the mere surface; men who are not to be daunted by a rise or fall in the price of corn; men prepared for any emergency, and in fine, men who by their experience, sound judgment, and intellect, may assist us when such talents are required; and we think that such



characters are more likely to appear on the agricultural stage, by the adoption of some such plan as we have recommended in the third chapter of this portion of our volume, than by pursuing the course we now do, which is, hoping that by using indefinite means we shall attain a definite end,—a thing utterly contrary to nature, and the experience of every age. The time has arrived when we cannot put bitter for sweet, or sweet for bitter, nor light for darkness, or *vice versâ*, with impunity; it is of no use in these days to practice mystification, you have taught the people, you have practically opened their eyes, given them enlarged desires, and you are bound by every law of honour, probity, and justice, to see that means are supplied for the proper gratification of those desires, and for the enlightenment of their understandings, as well as for the opening of their eyes. If you encourage a young tenant to associate with those who are his superiors in rank, station, and fortune, and for the sake of mounting yourselves well, induce them to keep a superior style of horse, and to join in steeple chases, the pleasures of the turf, &c., and then expect them quietly to sit down and spend two years in fattening a pig, or ox, or driving a plough, you are deceiving yourselves, as you well know; and worse than that, you are doing a material injury to the object of your temporary patronage.

It is of no use putting the farmers off by telling

them that the corn laws, politics, and legislation, are the cause of their present depressed state; we well know that they have nothing whatever to do with the evil; and we may as well speak the truth at once and say so. The land is more than capable of meeting any emergency which the corn laws can possibly create; and as to politics, if a farmer is wise he will never look at a newspaper which contains any thing but advertisements; an agriculturist has no time for politics; *let him strive to invent such means as shall render him independent of any legislative act, and leave politics to those whose sole employment they are, and who must necessarily know better than he how to act.* We say let him use such means as these, for we are confident they are in his power; and the man who cannot live without dipping his fingers in the scalding water of politics, is *not* fit for a farmer,—of that he may rest assured; and the sooner therefore he gives up his occupation, the better will it be both for himself, and the community at large. By due attention, perseverance, and taking advantage of the gifts of Nature, both mental and material, any farmer may be in two years time entirely independent of the corn laws: and on this head we would advise them to deal with anti-corn-law seditious in the following manner.—“Give them rope enough, and they will hang themselves.” *You are now pulling with all your might at one end of the rope, they at the other; just*

*give one mighty strain and let go the rope suddenly, their backs are even now turned upon the edge of a precipice which they have unwarily approached ; you will find that they will go over the cliff with a crash, and you will remain unhurt where you now stand.* Corn laws, or no corn laws, they cannot hurt you while the land remains in your hands, and they know it, and they only hope to disgust you with the land, turn you out, and then quietly step into your place, and call you a parcel of fools for giving way to them ; a compliment you will in some measure deserve, if you give them the opportunity.

You have not yet developed more *than one-fourth of the capabilities of the land*, therefore we again call upon you (the tenants) and the landlords to co-operate, and turn your attention seriously and thoughtfully to the subject ; let the landlords not content themselves with introducing a new plough once in two years, but *let every day be a day of fresh information ; take a lesson from the Polytechnic school, make farming a science, not a mere matter of a. b. c. as at present.* Show your tenantry the advantage of the plan *practically* as well as theoretically ; trust not to your agents and bailiffs, but go to work yourselves ; look at Lord Rosse, and emulate such examples as his ; let the noble pattern Lord Ashley has given you stir you up to increased active exertion. Stop not in your course, and say you think you have done enough for the present ;

go hand-in-hand with Nature, and she *never* has done enough ; keep *on doing*, never mind if your progress be slow at first, you will proceed fast enough “when the steam is up ;” and the result will make you ample amends for any degree of trouble, or self-denial, you in your outset undergo.

And you, gentlemen, who now *do all* the work, and pay the rent for us into the bargain, associate yourselves, and look about you, comparatively the rent you pay is a mere nothing, when the real capabilities of land are considered. Seek the society of your landlords, not for the pleasure of hunting, or of recreation, but for sound practical information ; have an eye to science, and fit yourselves for a discussion of such subjects with them. Your constant practice will develop facts, which theory can never furnish ; and we too must become men of science and study, to keep pace with you. Remember that “the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.” A boiling tea-kettle is a trifle to look at, but the steam a kettle-full of water will generate, has power to blow a whole house to pieces, or to do work on your farm, which all the united efforts of your cattle or your men could never effect.

Invention at present has done little for the farmer in the mechanical way, but it is even now only waiting to do your bidding. Open your eyes there-

fore to this fact, as widely as you would if you saw a pack of hounds, and a hundred red-coats dashing across a field of seeds; and see if you cannot bring the giant machinery to your aid, instead of working against you as he now does; it pays the manufacturer and the mechanic, the engineer and the traveller, to chain him down and make him useful,—why not you, then? Now, you are dependant upon the weather, the seasons, the price of corn, and a thousand minor obstacles, which you ought to have mastered long and long ago; and you have not time to get through one-half of your work as it ought to be done, or as you really wish it was done; and after all your remuneration is not worth the trouble you take. Your horses do not pay for their keep, and your various sources of outlay, swallow up the rent of your farms; a vast heterogeneous mass of work presents itself year after year, which *must* be done somehow, and if the year were twice the ordinary length, it would not suffice to do one-half of what you have now to perform, provided all was done as it should be for the greatest possible advantage. Mark us well, however, we object not to your prize cattle, but we wish them to be secondary considerations; things to be found as a matter of ordinary course, and not to be looked upon as the *summum bonum* of the farmer's ambition. We must have better results, and more valuable

than these from you. Combine therefore with your landlords, for the purposes here briefly explained, and you will form a Phalanx which may afford to laugh at corn laws, as much as you would now be inclined to smile upon a beggar upon whom you bestow a halfpenny,—*they will become a voluntary offering, not a compulsory tax.*

## CHAP. VI.

### THE SCIENTIFIC PHALANX

Is already commenced; but it reminds us of the pictures of that mysterious personage, "nobody," in the comic annual or almanac,—all legs and arms, and no body; we have divers scientific institutions, and the Polytechnic is, we believe, the head; for it contains within its walls a conglomerate mass of material, which may aptly be compared to the brain of the human body; but we cannot for the life of us discover where the main carcase, of which our various scientific establishments are the limbs, exists; and we therefore begin to suspect that we have again been acting like Frankenstein, and in our over zeal to produce something very wonderful, and "more like than life itself," we have altogether made a very queer nondescript, unlike any thing in nature, and only fit for people to spend shillings to look at. Now we opine, that as the legs, arms, head, &c., are all very well in their way, they are but mere adjuncts to the body corporate, and of very little real use, unless the body aforesaid be attached to them. Wheels are useful things, but wheels without a carriage are of no earthly use that we know of, *ergo*, the legs, arms,

and head, under present discussion, are curious enough, but nothing more; like the small wax models of such things which one sees hung up in glass cases before the shrines in the cathedrals on the continent. Now in the Polytechnic, one sees the Royal George blown up day after day, until one is fairly sick of explosions, and the Royal George to boot, "*toujours perdrix, et perdrix toujours.*" Again, our friend of the diving-bell, with such an emphasis laid on the latter syllable, as makes one look at the utterer twice, to ascertain whether he is positively real flesh, blood, and bones, or only a specimen of something Polytechnic,—a sort of automaton, doing duty for humanity. Then comes Mr. Snow Harris, and lightning conductors, and the everlasting lectures upon one and the same subject; and the result is, we come away with a thorough Polytechnic jaundice, the result of always feeding upon the same food, and the mind starves in the midst of plenty.

What we wish therefore is this, to see a body formed to bring these limbs into action; and as we perfectly agree with the performers at the Polytechnic, that certain wonderful causes will inevitably produce very astonishing effects, we want to see those causes applied to every-day life, and not to be kept as things which are made a peep-show of, and to be paid for as such. Electricity, (to explain our meaning more perspicuously,) on a small scale,



is very amusing, doubtless, but we want to see it applied to general purposes; it is a natural element, so to speak, and therefore given to us by the Almighty to use, as such it might be made available in agriculture, surgery, and machinery; moreover, it is like all Nature's gifts, cheap and indigenous; the materials are every where, all around us, the atmosphere abounds with them, and they only wait for us to collect them. We are tired therefore of playing with them, and paying to see them shown off; we want them now to make us some return, and seriously to be made available. We want to see fresh Polytechnic Institutions springing up, and a fresh assortment of subjects for exhibition, to be presented to our notice every month at the farthest. Models of every patent that is granted, or rather the inventions for which that patent is given, ought to be exhibited; travellers should be constantly employed by the main Phalanx in the collection of works of science, art, natural history, and other Polytechnic subjects; and of so great importance do we consider the Scientific Phalanx, that we would allot a college expressly to the education of its younger members; and degrees, fellowships, and scholarships, should be founded for their support and encouragement. We look upon our modern scientific institutions as mere infants, just now beginning to toddle about, in a very uncertain manner, and amused with toys which contain the germ of

the most valuable machines; and the inventions of the present day, in our humble opinion, bear about as strong a resemblance or proportion to the real capabilities of our inventive faculty, as the light of a tallow candle, twelve to the pound, does to the sun in its meridian glory.

Again, to illustrate our meaning in the matter of the tallow candle, the year-book of facts tells me, that if I sow mustard and cress in a garden utensil or flower-pot, and put it in a warm place, in a day or two I shall have a salad; this is I believe, and I eat the salad; but the said book tells me further, that if I, by means of an electrical machine, send a current of the electric fluid through the aforesaid flower-pot, soil, and mustard and cress, why an hour or two will suffice to assist Nature in doing that which unaided she was a day or two about. Now this fact not only furnishes me with a salad, but for food to ruminate upon; and I begin to calculate, as we did with our friends the sailors yesterday, and I say, if a current of electric fluid sent right through a garden utensil does so and so, what would a similar current effect, if sent through a field sown with wheat, turnips, potatoes, or cabbages? The answer is, "O, we don't know, for we never tried." Our rejoinder, "then why don't you try?" and instead of amusing yourselves with hourly salads, try what you can do with monthly crops of wheat, and you may then send

the corn-laws to Hanover if you please, and the anti-law agitators there also, to take care of them, because as they, the agitators, are by nature we presume especially calculated for the office, the duties of which they so creditably perform, we deem it would be an act of consummate cruelty to take away the necessity for their exertions, and consequently the bread out of their mouths, by separating them from the spirit of sedition, mischief, and agitation. So much for electricity.

Now, as you enter the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, after you ascend the first flight of steps, and have sufficiently admired the piece of wooden pavement on the landing, turn to your right hand or your left, (either will do,) and go down stairs into the lower room; entering that, take the first turn either way, and "about ship" again on the first opening you find; this doing you will stand exactly facing the centre of the room, looking down the middle of it; now turn your back upon the room, and you will behold displayed to your bewildered view, a lot of beautiful little steam-engines, all a-going like mad, and working away at nothing, as if it was the hardest work in the world, which we believe is in reality the case. From these models select the exceedingly minute churn, and tell us if you see any reason why the idea should not be made available in the dairy of an agricultural associative institution; to our notions

it is just the very thing, and the churning-room might contain one, two, three, or a dozen of these things, all worked by one engine, which engine should in its turn be called upon to perform as many various offices as that of the Polytechnic Institution now does. Now we have looked at that little model of a churn until we fairly pitied the thing, wasting its energies upon nothing, and like the lion at the Zoological Gardens, pacing up and down for the mere purpose of being looked at.

Our conclusion on this subject therefore is, that much as we admire the head, the legs, arms, &c., we do *not* feel satisfied without the body, and we do most earnestly exhort the scientific world to form *itself* into a body, appropriate the head and its members, then the Phalanx being complete, we shall find things will progress in their natural order, and science will be as useful and as profitable to the community, as it now is to the proprietors of a certain house, opening at one end into Regent Street, and at the other into Cavendish Square.

## CHAP. VII.

### THE MERCANTILE PHALANX.

As one of the main arteries of the Phalansterian system, to injure which would be destruction to the body, do we look upon the association of merchants, and with grief do we see symptoms of growing disunion among them, and a spirit of private adventure and competition gradually untying the bond which keeps the bundle of sticks together, which must, if it be encouraged and persisted in, sooner or later terminate fatally to the whole faggot. Every individual merchant of this kingdom ought to consider himself as a member of a corporate body, aiming at the same end, and actuated by the same interest, viz. the welfare of the community to which he is attached. A bundle such as this no earthly power could break, and if ever they fell to pieces and were destroyed, it must be the result solely of the most culpable negligence and want of attention on their own part. The mercantile Phalanx is a government in itself, and all employed in its service ought to have a stake therein; the well-being, nay almost the existence of a nation depends upon them; their responsibility, therefore, is a weighty responsibility, and upon this reflection their pro-

fession becomes a matter of the highest importance, and no longer a mere channel for gain or individual prosperity. Every disruption of their members should be watched with the utmost jealousy,—their union should be fostered and encouraged by the whole body of society; machinery, the arts and science generally, ought all to contribute their quota of aid, and be voluntarily proffered,—not tardily acceded. Merchants have little leisure for mechanical pursuits, but their occupations are of so great importance to us all, that every possible aid we can bring, ought gratuitously to be advanced for the furtherance of the mercantile welfare of our country. This being the view we take of the particular branch of society now under discussion, we would request a favorable hearing from our merchant princes on the present occasion.

That there are evils, gross evils, existing among us as a mercantile community, none can doubt who have ever been on board an Indiaman on an outward bound voyage; first among these we will begin with the crew, or Lord Mayor's men, as they are facetiously termed,—the cast-offs of our jails, houses of correction, &c., and vagabond, shirtless adventurers, who have no ostensible mode of existence. We appear to think that any thing will serve to make a sailor of, and when we send a vessel which, after all said and done, is but a nutshell in comparison of the sea whereon it floats, to

sea with a cargo of immense value, one would naturally imagine that we should entrust it to the care of thorough-picked seamen only. This is however just the last thing we now think of doing, and away we send our ships to China, America, north, east, south, and west, with all our best treasures on board, to undertake a perilous voyage, entrusted to the care of men with whom we dare not trust ourselves, or an atom of our property. A singular anomaly this in John Bull's nature, and the safety and certainty with which these voyages are performed, ought to open his eyes to the ever-watchful superintending care of a glorious and Almighty Being, who thus guards so carefully that which we appear to take so little care about, but on which we so much set our hearts.

Now do we not see why the remarks we have lately offered to the notice of our friends of the Royal Navy, should not be equally applicable to the wants of our mercantile marine; neither do we perceive any rational impediment which can be assigned to the establishment of mercantile catamarans, as well as man-of-war and mail catamarans. Capital we have plenty, and we say (though the author of this very much doubts the fact) that we have a superabundant population. Timber is to be had in some places for the mere trouble of cutting and conveyance; Nature, art, and machinery, are at hand to aid you, and we do not see why you

are not at liberty to improve your naval service in quite as high a degree as we have ventured to suggest to Her Majesty's officers; neither does any plausible objection occur to us, which militates against the formation of *all* the merchants in England, big and little, into one grand Phalanx, for the advancement of the great sticks, the protection of the little sticks, and the permanent well-being of all sticks. It would be in point of fact a Joint-stock association of all the mercantile interests in the kingdom; holding a monopoly which would be as profitable, and as manifestly important to our empire, as was that of the British East India Company, who by the way managed matters a precious deal better for us than we have been able to do since we took the government, or the reigns thereof into our own hands.

The same as regards your internal and domestic arrangements; now we see the house of Timpkins and Co. doing a good stroke of business,—no sooner do Sopkins and Co. perceive this, than up they get, and take possession of the nearest warehouse to their neighbour, freight a ship or two with the same kind of goods, and try to get into the same port, with or before Timpkins and Co's. ship, and take the trade out of his hands; whereby the two together do not realize half the profit one would have done had he been at liberty to go leisurely to work, and make the best of his time. Now in this case Timpkins



and Sopkins have acted just as we have seen certain little boys and girls do, when both pursuing one butterfly; in their avarice to prevent each other from catching it, they tumble over together on the creature, and, smashing it to atoms, render it of no use to either of them; and they get up and abuse one another heartily for what they have done.

People may say what they please about repeal of unions, and all such trash, but one of the wisest dogmas the Radicals ever yet promulgated was that "union is strength," and they strive to prove the truth of their position, by setting society by the ears, and repealing unions. Now while they are just puzzling their brains about nothing, and fighting against their own resolutions, we think that it would be wise in us to take advantage of their wise saw, and by combination and union, increase *our own* strength, and leave the Radicals to fight with their own shadows, until sheer fatigue obliged them to give in. Union is a primary agent in nature, therefore its value and expediency are unquestionable; it remains only for us then to handsel it, and apply it to every condition of life, every branch of the social system; all establishments ought to be governed by principles of co-operative union, and systematic classification; this will do more for the improvement of society than all the education in the world, for in this case education would follow as a necessary sequent or

adjunct; for the attainment of the end in view, and *not* be the first cause, as we now consider it. And thus do we look to our mercantile brethren as among our most important and influential of our coadjutors, in bringing about a better state of affairs, and a superior condition of the human race, than now exists among us.

## CHAP. VIII.

### THE MEDICAL PHALANX.

HAVING at the commencement of our first volume touched upon the state of medical science in the nineteenth century, it may naturally be inquired what means can be suggested to establish a better or more certain system than that which is now in vogue. In our search after this very desirable object, it will be necessary to lay aside all prejudice or reverence for old-established maxims, and endeavour to trace, so far as the very limited information we possess will allow us to do, for the primary or exciting agent of disease in the human frame. We hold that the usual routine of a boy's education, from the time of his first being articled to the profession of medicine up to the period of his leaving the hospitals, is a beaten track certainly, discernible enough in all truth; but a road in which as many mistakes are made, as there are cures performed, and this not through any fault or inadvertence in the student or his preceptor, but resulting from one fundamental error in the system; to wit, that of *beginning* to learn from written or printed books *first*, and then taking to the study of nature as a secondary step,—putting the cart before

the horse, and expecting both to progress, and then perhaps expressing surprise at finding them in precisely the same spot from which they were to start, after an interval of years has elapsed.

In a recent number of the *Lancet* (of December or January last we believe) are given details of some striking cases, and an equally striking mode of treatment, which terminated as might naturally be expected, in the total exhaustion and consequent death of the patients. Not being of the "Faculty" ourselves, it may seem somewhat arrogant to presume to offer an opinion; but, in common honesty and justice, we are bound to declare that the mode of cure (?) there described as being practised upon these unfortunate malades was, in our humble judgment, quite sufficient to cause utter exhaustion in the frame of a man in the strongest possible state of health; to say nothing of its effects upon a body already enfeebled by sickness and disease; what with bleedings, blistering, and drenching, cataplasms, opium, and starvation, it would indeed have been little short of a miracle, had the poor creatures survived the inflictions they underwent; and after an attentive perusal of the cases, we certainly felt more inclined than ever to bless the day when we first heard of Priessnitz and cold water. Now we do firmly believe the doctors did their very best in all these cases, and when one thing did not answer, they tried another, and this too with the

most praiseworthy rapidity ; but again we must be allowed to retain (whether permission be granted to express it or not) the notion, that all their previous book-learning in the above-named cases availed them little or nothing,—and to this fact, not to their negligence, was to be attributed the unsuccessful termination of their labours. Taking nature then as the source from whence to seek for causes, whereby we may alleviate the dire effects of disease, we will now inquire why it is that in Australia the common complaints of measles, hooping-cough, scarlet-fever, and small-pox, are unknown? The medical men who have visited these colonies declare they have nothing to do, and a medical friend of ours lately mentioned the instance of an acquaintance of his, an M.D., who not finding sufficient practice in London, went to Port Philip with a view of making his fortune professionally. He went, and he made his fortune rapidly, but he was compelled first to change his profession ; for he soon found his medical knowledge, and his ample stock of professional implements, were about of as much use as a Greek lexicon, or a Hebrew grammar would have been ; so he very wisely re-packed the tools, and set to work sheep-farming, and buying land and houses. After a lapse of four years he returned to England for a few weeks only, declaring that our atmosphere was not to be endured after that of Australia, and that the people of the

latter country never had any thing the matter with them ; what to attribute it to he did not know, but that he had not met with one professional case since he left England. Now this is precisely the very point we are so anxious to gain information upon ; we want to know whether the absence of epidemic, endemic, or any other disease, is owing to the climate, the atmosphere, terrestrial exhalation, or inhalations ; electricity, or the non-existence thereof ; whether if it exists, it be positive or negative, and in what way it acts upon the human frame in either case.

To satisfy curiosity then on these topics, we say to our worthy friends the Doctors of every degree, *unite*, form yourselves into a Phalanx, and if need be establish, or persuade your rich patients to do it, a University containing separate colleges, for the study of particular diseases. Wherever the nature of the case admits, examine the effects of disease with the powerful aid of the oxy-hydrogen microscope, on the largest possible scale ; let one of your colleges be expressly devoted to electrical science, and a class of your students set apart for this branch of learning exclusively. Try the effect of long-continued currents of electricity, sent through or acting upon the surface of the human or other bodies : study the nature of absorption most minutely ; pay the most strict attention to the action of light and heat. It is, we believe, well known in

reference to the former agent, that in cases of the small-pox, that the darker the room in which the patient is kept, the less is the ultimate effect of the disease apparent after the recovery, and so well aware are some nations of this fact, that they cover all the exposed parts of the bodies of their patients, when under the infliction of this disease, with leaf-gold.

Again as to absorption, it is a most wonderful agent, as we can testify. Some years ago we were laid up for months with a most severe attack of jaundice, the skin being in a dry, hard, almost *crackling* state; one evening a finger was dipped in some brandy, a liquor we abhorred the sight of, much more the taste; for two days afterwards every thing we ate or drank flavoured of brandy, to our utter discomfiture. We once walked through a room which had been newly varnished, every thing for a very considerable portion of the week afterwards tasted of varnish, and as to a stable we tried the experiment once, and but once; and yet during the whole of this time we were almost indifferent to other external sensations, we could stand by the fire until our clothes were scorched, and not feel any additional degree of warmth; and on the coldest and most winterly day could walk knee-deep in snow, and not feel in the least annoyed by the cold; and this too without a single additional article of clothing being used, with the exception

of a hat. No medicine of any kind or description appeared to affect the complaint in any way, excepting as an aggravation; and a common infusion of dandelion root, with a very small portion of some alkali, effected a cure, after every known remedy had been resorted to. During the time spoken of the same complaint raged in the neighbourhood, and the identical remedy which cured one person acted like poison with another; the disease was evidently endemic, but the exciting cause was and still is a mystery, for jaundice is not generally considered as an infectious disorder. The medical gentlemen in attendance were completely baffled, and our invariable system upon the re-appearance of the enemy now is, to embark in a railway train instant, change the air, drink little oceans of cold water, and a day or two drives our adversary to seek for other prey; nevertheless we wish still to find the root of the matter, the first exciting cause; and so to be able to guard against the approach of disease, and not to be compelled to run away from it, and this we hold to be part of the duty of the "Profession."

Again, as to that horrible scourge hydrophobia, we think the microscope might bring to light discoveries of the most eminent value, and natural agents be proved to exist as efficient antidotes to the poison; electricity too we deem to be worthy of deep thought as applicable to this disease, and



not a temporary experiment only, but an exhibition of its effects continued for hours. We know that atmospheric changes affect the body greatly, and the mind also relatively; but how or why is a matter of mere guess; and we think such apparent trifles as these worthy of the deepest investigation, and the most intense and careful study; for upon them depends much of our daily comfort and enjoyment of life. Judging thus, we entreat our professional friends to seek for natural causes, and also to apply natural agents as an alleviation; to lay aside prejudice, and a blind adherence to established customs, and we opine that this system will be attended with the greatest possible benefit, both to the "Faculty" themselves and their patients also,—a most important result to the community generally.

We are frequently told that the "practice" is totally changed; we don't believe a word of it, and never will while we see "the bolus to be taken at bed-time, and the draught in the morning."—The very sight of the thing is enough for us, and there is not the slightest necessity for swallowing it; for every effect is produced by sympathy, and in an incredibly short space of time too. Instinct tells us that the first contains, as usual, "hydrarg. grs iiiii., pulv. Rhæi. grs oct.;" and that the draught is a villainous compound of senna and salts. Our "practice" has made us perfect, and we have only to recall past and early reminiscences, fully to

realize any expectation our worthy friend the doctor may in his benevolence have imbibed ; but we have an odd fancy that in many cases where the above "elegant preparation" is "exhibited," a bath in a pit of a tan-yard, or a pretty considerable sudorification, followed by the exhibition of lots of water externally and internally, would be quite as efficacious, and of much greater permanency in its ultimate effect. This followed up by instant removal to a distance from the place where the complaint was first perceived, would, we believe, in many instances, put a stop to disorders which might otherwise last for months, and, perhaps, lay the foundation for the total loss of health for the remainder of the sufferer's life. Now we would say to the "Faculty," as we did to the Farmers, you have such a complicated mass of occupation to disentangle every day of your lives, that it is a perfect marvel how you get through half of it ; and therefore to ease you of some of the toil, we propose to classify you, and appoint one medical establishment for the study of the small-pox : *e. g.* the small-pox hospital now instituted ; another for typhus, and a third for scarlet fever, and so on. To facilitate this, the medical gentlemen in regular attendance here, should not be called upon to attend elsewhere, except in cases of the same nature as that of their own peculiar branch of the profession, or in the event of great emergency.

Every Phalanstery would have a resident surgeon or physician, and as the pounds, shillings and pence part of the system is of as much consequence to the physician as to the farmer, they would be paid from the proceeds of the establishment, at a very much higher and more equable rate than they now are. If fresh aid or advice were required, you would only have to set your telegraph to work, and signal for a "measles" doctor, or a "vermicular" doctor, or any other doctor you wanted, at the precise period of time, and down he would come from London in a railway train, or one of Henson's aerial carriages in a trice.

We could enlarge much upon the probable benefit which would ensue from the adoption of the associative plan as applied to the "Faculty;" but the subject is scarcely one for general reading, therefore as we think a "word to the wise" is sufficient at all times, we leave the topic to their consideration, begging them to "hold a consultation," on the alarming state of Society; to feel her pulse, which now throbs and thumps at a most unprecedented rate; calmly to throw off all prejudice, and not decide in too great a hurry upon bleeding, blistering, and the cataplastic system; but seriously to enquire what would be the effect of associating themselves, and unitedly applying natural means to heal the natural diseases under which Society labours. If lancets had been natural productions,

we should find them as common as thorns in our hedge rows; or in the case of blisters, we should see them springing up like mushrooms; but that is not Nature's way of going to work, be it ours then to search for her method, and to make use of it when found.



## CONCLUSION.

THE length of our tether being measured, the eighth chapter of the last division of our subject finished, we have now only to go over the ground once more as rapidly as may be, and pick up any stray blade which has escaped observation. We are aware how much Society may be offended with us, for daring to assert that her existence is in the most imminent danger, while she, exulting proudly in her beauty, fancies that she ails nothing; but we have long since "shaken hands with her and parted," and though she has returned the greeting rudely and somewhat harshly, still in taking our leave of her, we would address her in the words of that exquisite song which commences thus :

The last links are broken  
Which bound me to thee,  
And the last words thou has spoken  
Have rendered me free.

Oh, I have not loved lightly,  
I'll think on thee yet,  
I'll pray for thee nightly  
Till life's sun has set.

There are those, may be, who know by experience, that it is necessary to probe a wound deeply, in or-

der to ascertain how far the disease has spread, and that under a fair and beautiful exterior we oft perceive the marks of dire decay. To conceal this would be a mistaken act of kindness; to expose and shew how the disease may be alleviated, if not eradicated, is, we consider, the part of a faithful friend as well as of the physician; and it is the duty of them both to summon to their assistance all those of their medical brethren whose aid the case requires. But quitting the metaphor we would crave the forbearance of our friends the doctors, if we have, in the course of this work, said ought to give offence. Be it remembered, once and for all, that we attack measures, not men; and society, not individuals; we aim at the abolition of causes, and lament the existing effects. In plain homely terms have we striven to accomplish the task, and rather than incur the risk of being misunderstood, we have totally avoided all attempts at highly-polished or elegantly-turned sentences; our wish being that "those who run may read, and those who read may understand."

To our Medical friends then we say, Society resembles a fair and lovely patient, sinking fast under a disease the cause of which is uncertain, and as her strength fades holding fast by the assurance that she is daily improving in health.

Our Agrarian acquaintance will understand us when we tell them, that Society is like a large

estate, which has been cultivated and tilled until it produces nothing but weeds, and a fresh system of farming must be adopted to call forth its latent energies.

The Military portion of our readers will comprehend us when we remind them of the armies which Napoleon led to Moscow, to perish by hundreds and thousands on the roads and desolate mountain ways, and there to leave a monument to the fatal ambition of Society.

Naval gentlemen will perceive the meaning of our words, if we say that Society is like an unseaworthy ship adrift, without a man at the helm, her crew intoxicated, and insensible to the storm which is fast gathering on the horizon.

The Minister will forgive us if we point to the key-stone of that edifice wherein he glories so much, even his holy and beautiful temple, and shew him how it is split and rifted ; and if he does not immediately and without delay apply his talents to the repair, how the key-stone must fall, and the fabric be laid low.

The Merchant and the Tradesman, when contemplating the condition of Society, will be reminded of a bark, richly laden indeed, but towed into port water-logged, her cargo spoiled by the brine of avarice, and the mildew of competition.

The Farmer will contemplate her as an overladen waggon stuck fast in the foul road, which by the



negligence of those who had the care of it, is now almost past mending, and he will blame his own carelessness for allowing it to get so much out of repair, and perchance blame us for establishing the railway of association, and forsaking his bad roads. But we invite him to unite with us, and use our roads instead of his own, promising him a quicker and an easier transit for his produce, and a better market at the end of his journey.

The Manufacturer, if he wishes to know the state of Society, will only have to select a bale of cloth, by which he has set the highest store, and exhausted his talents in the making of it, and on taking it out of the warehouse for inspection previous to the sale, he finds it moth-eaten to the very centre. To all and every one of these we would say there are remedies, if you will but avail yourselves of them; if Society falls in the aggregate, as assuredly must you perish with her; why then not arise, and unitedly endeavour to administer right medicine; to farm your land afresh, and renew the soil; to adopt our roads, and leave the old worn-out ones? All is in your power, the will is the only agent that is wanting to set the machine in motion. Pilots there are, well tried and skilled in navigation, who wait your directions to guide your vessel safely into harbour; if you will only tell them what port you wish to reach; but blame them not, if they refuse to run your ships headlong upon the quicksands of

cupidity, or the fatal rocks of mutual antagonism and unjust strife.

Much has been said and written by wise men and scribes in favor of competition, of the consequent cheapness of produce, and facility of communication thereby ensuing; but we doubt much the stability of such arguments, inasmuch as they are based upon principles in direct opposition to Divine and natural law. We hold with an honorable member of the Lower House "that what is morally wrong, can never by any possibility be politically right." And we are assured that the only result which can ultimately accrue by a dereliction of this principle, will sooner or later prove to be, penny wisdom at the expense of sovereign folly.

It had been, at the commencement of this work, our intention to have devoted a chapter to the Legal Profession; but from an innate antipathy to law, abstractedly considered, not justice or equity be it observed, we put off the task until other matters had filled up the vacuum, and right glad were we to find so good an excuse for relinquishing the subject; for in sooth, so little interest do we take therein, that we feared our pen would have become mesmerised under its influence, and our own faculties by sympathy have imbibed the contagion. Moreover, though we have no affection for law or lawyers, professionally viewed, truth, candour, and justice compel us to disclose our conviction, that

they carry out the Phalansterian principle of graduated serial order, more correctly than any other profession we wot of,—and they do it thus, the client supports the solicitor, the solicitor the barrister, the barrister the judge, the judge the legislature, the legislature the sovereign power, and the country all of them combinedly. Now there is an intrinsic beauty and regularity in all this, that we do intensely admire, though we would fain have a hit at the lawyers if we could; but the fact is, they are already so Phalansterian in their principles and action, *so combinately and co-operatively associate*, that if we were, as a body, to attack them, they would fairly drive us out of the field with our own weapons; and to attack them individually would be acting against our own avowed motto of doing to others as we wish them to do to us, therefore we take our leave of them, and recommend other classes to profit by their example; and we think that if all law-makers would but resolutely combine and enter into an engagement never willingly, knowingly, or with intent to become law-breakers, the community would derive almost as much, perhaps more, real benefit from their example, than they now do from the laws themselves, and we should be spared the pain of so often witnessing the trials of “Practice *versus* Precept, and Lex *versus* both,” as we are now compelled to do daily, the moral evils of which causes are incalculable; like Chancery suits they

are endless, the costs eat up more than double the profits, and Society is beggared by the litigation; bankrupt in religion, morality, and reputation.

Taking then a retrospective view of the subjects which have been but superficially glanced at in this work—superficially we say, for each would have sufficed to have filled a large volume, if time and leisure had allowed us to expatiate upon them, it is our opinion that society is in the first place based entirely upon a false system, and that it has been so often corrected and revised (?) that all its original beauty and simplicity are totally obliterated; secondly, that we mistake cause for effect, and *vice versa*; and thirdly, that we allow the public mind to be agitated by the discussion of topics, which bear little or no relation to the main cause of complaint. A prize essay on agriculture and the corn-law may be a very clever production, and doubtless it is one which puts the author in high good humour with himself; but it is about as useful in the end to the agriculturist, *i. e.* the farmer, as a prize-sheep is to the community at large. The latter animal (the sheep) is a beautiful object, and highly prized by the owner, but when all is said and done, where is the profit? The butcher does not like it, for he says it is all waste, and no meat; the consumer does not like it, for he declares that what little meat there is, is good for nothing; so the tallow-chandler chuckles at them both, and profits

by the purchase of the offal. Just so is it with the ingenious essays aforesaid, the calculations lie too deep for the farmer to understand and profit by them, the real philanthropist sees through the whole thing, and wonders how men can be so stupidly blind as not to perceive what is so plain to his eye; the casual reader looks at it, and saying "Oh! something against the corn-laws, I perceive," very coolly tears a leaf from off the pamphlet, and lights his cigar or his meerschaum pipe therewith, and he is the only person who actually profits by the perpetration, for he, like the tallow-chandler, converts the offal into something tangibly useful. Now we do and will affirm, as we have before done, that neither corn-laws, free trade, or the people's charter, have any thing to do with existing distress; and if all the six points of the latter, and both the former were conceded to-morrow, the country would not be one whit the gainer, nor would the distress be in the slightest degree alleviated, but the reverse.

In the Bible we read, that He who never erred declared, "The kingdom of Heaven is not meat or drink, but that it is within you;" thus therefore would we say, the cause of our present sufferings is neither one or all of the subjects just named, but the total corruption of every branch of the social system, whereby we have shut out the kingdom against our own selves, and shut ourselves up in the kingdom of Satan, the prince of the powers of

this world and of darkness. That kingdom is *within* us now, it is around, above, below us, and encompasses us on every side ; and we must, if we hope for relief, at once quit that kingdom, if haply the door be not already closed upon us, or bear the consequences of our infatuated obstinacy. In clearing a forest in a tropical country, the mere act of cutting down a tree now and then will never effect our end, and even supposing a space cleared, we must remember that young shoots will spring up from the old stocks, which, if we cut them off as soon as they appear, will give us but little trouble, whereas if we let them alone, they will soon become a second forest. Just so is it with us now, we have a forest of crime and depravity before us, and we content ourselves with cutting down a tree now and then, removing those only which we deem the most unsightly, and never taking the slightest trouble to keep down the suckers, which are constantly springing up from the parent stock ; and so long as this absurd and pernicious system obtains, shall we be unable to avail ourselves of the good land which lies before us. The only chance we have, humanly speaking, is to form ourselves into a Phalanx ; at once unite, and march forth as an individual army against the forest of iniquity which opposes our path. Strike at the roots of the trees, the gin-shop, the beer-house, and every poisonous weed that infects the land ; give up the

revenue that now arises from their culture, in the firm assurance that we shall reap double for our self-denial in a better and more wholesome crop. Even now we could tell you how the revenue from spirits alone could be doubled, and not one drop be poured down the human throat ; but you would only laugh at us, and call us dreamers ; but of this we are indubitably assured, that we might as well attempt to empty a river with a common syringe, or extinguish a house on fire with a garden watering pot, as endeavour to stem the torrent of crime, poverty and depravity by the means we are now using ; they are quite as inadequate to the end we have in view, as the utensils would be in the cases supposed.

The minister may do his seventh day's duty, he may visit his parishioners ; he may establish schools, and the government may support him, and build churches ; the government may enact laws, the soldier may fight, the police may spy, the landlords may establish agricultural societies, the tenants may pride themselves in their cattle, one and all may do whatsoever they in their wisdom think best to be done, but so long as you allow the hot-bed of corruption to remain heating and fermenting in the very centre of the social system, your efforts will be of no avail. The truth is, you have allowed it to accumulate, until you are afraid to commence the removal, for fear of being poisoned by its pestilen-

tial exhalations; but beware, if you suffer it to remain, a volcano will be formed, which will overwhelm you and your much-vaunted social fabric. Even now is it ready to burst forth, but the preventive is before you, it is yet in your own power; reject it not, or a fate worse than that of the cities of the plain will be yours; and then when it is too late will you begin to deplore the short-sighted infatuated blindness which led you to forsake the straight and plain path of the Divine law, for the crooked and perverse ways of human wisdom, avarice, and a love of revenue.

Tell us not that if the gin-palace were annihilated, and that curse of our nation, the opium trade, abandoned, that we should relinquish so many millions of gold and silver; to whom belong those millions but to Him who giveth us all things? and shall we dare to provoke Him by offering the "price of a dog" as it were; shall we pollute His temple by bringing in the revenue of our guilt and corruption, and say this is the gain we have made of our talents? can a nation prosper which acts thus, nay can it expect the shadow of a blessing upon any of its undertakings? If however we fear for the result of our self-denial, let us look at the third chapter of the book of Malachi, from the 8th to the 12th verse inclusive, and let us ask if God's hand be shortened, or His promise of less efficacy now than when it was first graciously uttered. If



we are Christians, where is our faith? if believers in the truth of the Holy Scriptures, how do we prove it? we hide the first, or endeavour to do so, in the clouds of mysticism, perversion, and double interpretation. We evince our belief in the word of God by acting in direct opposition to its precepts, warnings and threatenings; we are ashamed to declare our belief, or to act up to it, for fear of being called "saints;" and yet think we are entitled to claim a place among the saints in glory when we leave this world. In vain do we pour our thousands and tens of thousands into the treasury of the temple, and hope thereby to evangelize the world. Well may the progress we make in this heavenly cause be slow—*we are destroying our brother both in soul and body at home, and our offering is that of Cain, not the pure and spotless sacrifice of his brother Abel.*

O, let us then wash our hands of this stain, and refuse not to be healed, lest a worse fate than that of Cain be ours. Let us in our aim at eradicating evils, begin with destroying the incentives, and not content with such a course, let us supply as great or greater encouragement to virtue, diligence, and truth. We may despise the simplicity of the idea, that a return to the literal exemplification of the precept of doing as we would be done by, would effect a change which all the legislation in the world could not bring about, if based on other prin-

ciples; but our contempt will neither lessen the power or frustrate the aim of pure simple truth; *it* will prevail against every power of this world, or those of the kingdom of darkness, and such as despise it will be in the condition of those to whom it was said, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish, for I work a work in your day, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." The further we depart from simplicity, the more shall we retrograde from the path of rectitude and virtue: the greater the difference between our social law and that of the Word of God, the larger will be the amount of evil in the world. We may make fresh laws, we may abrogate the old ones by scores, but the deeper shall we sink in the mire of distress and corruption, until we return in truth and simplicity—to our first faith, and relinquish the intoxicating draught of our own earthly imaginations, for the pure stream of that river whose sources are inexhaustible.

These are mere truisms if you please, but they are such as we challenge the world to disprove; we may be told that "the truth had better not always be spoken," but we believe not such a creed as this; it is subversive of our belief that all is truth in heaven, and that our state of existence here is a state of preparation for a world of truth above. We would glory in the hope of meeting there those whom we have helped, and who have aided us in

this our earthly course, but shrink from the horrible gaze and curses of our brother, who in the realms of everlasting woe points to his endless torments, and says "You brought me to this ; you placed the gin-shop and the ale-house in my way ; you licensed my destruction ; you never incited me to good, but you enriched the treasure-house of your country by the price of my immortal soul. You gave me a poor pittance, scarce enough to keep soul and body together, and you drove me to the gin-shop to drown my sorrow in intoxication, and to pay you back even that pittance you so hardly granted me." How will our misery be enhanced by such accusations as these ; what will then avail our subscriptions to benevolent societies, Sunday schools and missions ?

Let us then arise, and avert this horrible doom ; seek not palliative measures, they only keep the flame alive ; abolish the use of ardent spirits, or if your legislators refuse to do this, unite, and in a body, a phalanx of clergy, laity, and every class of well-wishers to their countrymen, petition the throne itself. Aim not as you are now doing to make poverty a crime, but aim at the root of all *incentives* to crime ; thus and thus only, with the Divine aid, will you ever accomplish what you now profess so earnestly to desire. Depend upon it as you advance you will find the Divine blessing accompany your steps ; He has promised, whose word never yet failed. Light is granted you, then use

that light, lest it be withdrawn for ever, because you despised its guidance, and a darkness worse than that of Egypt overwhelm you; worse, because if once overtaken by it, to you it will be eternal. To those who think we are but a little band, and unable to combat with the giants in the land of promise which lies before us, we would say, in the words of Caleb, "Let us go up at once, and possess the land, for we are well able to overcome it;" or as David, let us ask "who is this Goliath of Society, that it should defy the laws and armies of the Living God?" Encourage yourselves and each other, therefore, cease to wrestle with flesh and blood, for you have to oppose the principalities and powers of custom, ridicule, false shame, and dislike of acknowledging error; those strong agents of the prince of all evil; but take with you words, arm yourselves with the armour of faith, go forth to the battle, and quit you like men, the victory will be as certainly yours, as your defeat will be, if you cowardly refuse to advance. The good land of peace, tranquillity, love and happiness is before you; behind you a desolate wilderness. You have the election, but delay not to make it, lest you be too late, and the doors of hope and opportunity be for ever closed against you.

To enter largely upon statistical subjects would be foreign to the immediate intent of this work, but in order to allay the fears of those who think

the increase of population alarming, we may *en passant* observe, that if every man, woman and child in England and Wales were arranged upon the surface of the kingdom, and principality, like the men on a chess board, each individual would have a square area of about an acre and a half, or two-thirds, for his own space to move in; and to shew how much may be done by an acre of land in the way of human support, we will only allude to a fact which was made public towards the close of the last year. A labouring man possessed an acre of ground of his own, he dug the whole and planted it with early potatoes, he sold the entire crop in the neighbouring market town for £53. sterling; he then manured the ground, and sowed it with turnips, and at the latter end of November in the same year he sold the crop of turnips as they stood, for the purchaser to be at the expence of removal, for £10. Let no one then talk of the land not being capable of supporting the population. *An acre of land, with a railway hotel built thereon, will realize a rent of two thousand pounds per annum*; and one room only (a refreshment room), will let for £1200. Yet on the first establishment of railways, if any one had ventured to predict such sources of revenue as these, would he not have been looked upon as a mere visionary dreamer? most unquestionably he would.

We therefore assert, that all we have to do in or-

der to make the land support the population, is to act upon the associative system of the railways, and Joint Stock Companies; our capital is actual, not nominal; the estate lies before us, the demand for labour is incessant, it is for us to furnish the supply, and so organize and arrange our affairs, that the one may keep pace with the other. This is a much easier task than we imagine,—it requires nothing more than common steadiness of purpose, activity, and energy; but it must be set about in single-heartedness and simplicity; in full dependence upon the Divine aid, which we profess to seek, and not in a spirit of self-sufficient, worldly wisdom, competition, or individual aggrandizement,—for in the same ratio that these latter qualifications enter into the composition of the principles upon which we act, just so many steps shall we take backwards in our progress, and our success will only be in proportion to the faith and the integrity of purpose which we evince.

We have now, we hope, fully explained that the only new principle we have any idea of establishing in Society, is that of combinative union in lieu of individual competition; a substitution of unity of interests for differences in opinion. Fain would we linger yet upon the subject, although at the outset we were inclined to denounce it as “something very dry indeed;” nevertheless it has brought us into such intimate communion with so many valua-

ble classes of society, during the few weeks which have been engaged in its study, that in taking leave of it, we feel as though we were in reality saying farewell to each and all of those portions of the community whom we have ventured plainly to address. But the terminus is again reached, and we must leave the vehicle for the present ; it may be, if life is spared, we shall have occasion to take another trip. It only remains for us now to take a cordial and affectionate farewell of our fellow-travellers, in whose company we have so agreeably passed our time ; hoping that even if our Phalansterian ideas may not be realized on earth, they and we may in a better world, and at a far more glorious station, join the heavenly Phalanx in the realms of undying joy ; where separations are unknown, where strife and competition never enter,—but where all is unity, harmony, and love.

END OF VOL. II.













